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Leslie's

DEC 5th CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1912



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"The Spirit of Xmas"
CIRCULATION. OVER 365,000

The Schweinler Press



The Bigness of Little Things

ARE you interested in the picture part of advertisements? Do notice them more. It is interesting to see how the smallest details are thought of. Perhaps you have noticed an advertisement with great bunches of grapes. No, I won't tell whether it's a grape juice or a baking powder advertisement. But the grapes are so natural, so juicy, so luscious looking that they fairly make one reach out for them. Well done? Why the advertiser looked a whole year to find an artist who could paint grapes like that. Don't you think the search was richly rewarded? And that is only one of many instances that show the closest attention to little things and emphasize the bigness of little things.

Allan Haffner

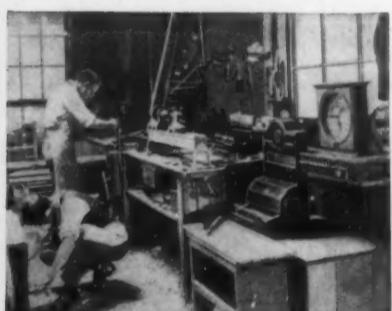
Capital, Labor and Management are necessary to make inventions valuable to mankind



The first practical cash register was a crude affair that recorded sales by punching holes in a roll of paper inside the register. Invented in 1879.



The first store in the world to use a cash register. This was in 1882. The store was located at Coalton, Ohio.



Interior of the first cash register factory in 1881—one room in which two men were employed.

The cash register, which marked the second great epoch in accounting and recording, is a good example.

The first cash register was not practical.

After it had been all but abandoned by its inventor and promoters, The National Cash Register Company bought the patents and has spent thirty years' time and millions of dollars in improving and developing it.

Today, National Cash Registers are made in over 500 styles and sizes and are adapted to all lines of business and trade.

They are saving money and increasing profits for over one million merchants, safeguarding the integrity of millions of employes and benefiting customers all over the world.

They are recognized today as a business necessity where money is handled or records kept.

The National Cash Register Company
Dayton, Ohio



The highest type of modern National Cash Register is, in fact, nine complete cash registers in one. It is one of 500 styles and sizes made in the present plant.

Write for information about how this style register will benefit you in your store.



These 6500 people are employed in making National Cash Registers. N.C.R. Factory in background—18 buildings, 37 acres of floor space.
In answering advertisements please mention Leslie's Weekly.

Side Lights on the War in Turkey



MOHAMMEDANISM'S MOST FAMOUS TEMPLE.

Interior of the magnificent mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople, one of the greatest monuments of Byzantine art. It was built as a Christian church by the Emperor Justinian in 532-533 A.D. It is lavishly decorated with costly marbles, porphyries, etc. It was transformed into a mosque by the Turks after their capture of the city in 1453. King Ferdinand of Bulgaria is credited with the wish to enter Constantinople at the head of his army and to attend a Christian service in St. Sophia. The Turks are reported to have put cholera patients in the mosque in order to keep out "unbelievers."



A REFUGE FOR AMERICANS.

MRS. C. R. MILLER
The American Embassy at Constantinople, where Ambassador Rockhill upholds the dignity of the United States and guards the rights of American citizens in the Turkish dominions.



ONE AVENUE OF ESCAPE CLOSED.

Train bearing supplies for besieged Adrianople derailed near Seidler by the Bulgarian troops. The latter made a flank movement to reach the railroad track, thus cutting off one means of entrance to the city and seriously crippling the defense. The invaders finally surrounded the city entirely and while the siege continued a strong Bulgarian force proceeded southward toward Constantinople, driving the main Turkish army before it to the Tchatalja fortifications.



ALL RANKS FULL OF PATRIOTISM.

Princess Xenia, daughter of King Nicholas of Montenegro, with a group of women of the Red Cross at Podgorica. To this town were brought back for treatment many Montenegrin soldiers wounded in Turkey.



ONE OF THE WORST ASPECTS OF THE CONFLICT.

Turkish peasants and villagers fleeing before the advancing Bulgarian troops. These terrified people, men, women and children, abandoned most of their possessions and plodded over muddy roads to Adrianople, which proved a sad place of refuge.



A BRAVE MONARCH IN THE FIELD.

King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, with his two sons, in an automobile very near the fighting line in Turkey. The King is seen talking with General Savoff, commander of the victorious Bulgarian forces. The King's presence aroused his soldiers' enthusiasm.



ROYAL SYMPATHY FOR HEROES.

PHOTO L'ILLUSTRATION
Princess Helene, wife of Prince Nicholas of Greece, speaking words of kindness and praise to wounded Greek soldiers brought to Thessaly from the battle of Larissa. The Greeks had great success in their invasion of Turkey.



MEN OF SCIENCE ON A NOTABLE TOUR.

Members of the American Geographical Society and their guests from abroad photographed near wonderful Crater Lake, in Crater Lake Park, Oregon, during their recent extensive sight-seeing journey in the United States. The visitors were taken to the lake in automobiles from the north end of Klamath Lake, thirty-two miles. Crater Lake fills the bowl created by the collapse of a former immense volcano, Mount Mazama. It has an area of 239 square miles. The foreign contingent on the tour included the most prominent and learned geographers in Europe. They were greatly impressed with the imposing scenery of the far West.

HASKELL

EDITORIAL

Christmas Love!

LOVE is the keynote of the Christmas season. The greatest mystery of life is love. Who has not sought to sound its unspeakable depths? Who has not felt its all-compelling power? Who has not surrendered to its irresistible force?

Romances are built about it. Wars have been fought for it and religions based upon it.

Love is the dream of the poet, the puzzle of the philosopher, the theme of the novelist and the song of the minstrel.

Love links all the human race. Its note of victory is heard in the royal court and in the peasant's cottage. The song of love is on the lips of the proudest queen and of her humblest subject.

It is the stimulus of parental affection in the home and of patriotism in the nation. Brave men die for it and noble women perish that they may bear its sweet incense with them to the grave.

How sweet and tender is this splendid attribute of mankind! In its smiling presence, anger, bitterness and strife melt away. How much more has the world to hope for from love than from envy, malice and hatred!

In this period of world-wide distrust, of resentment against economic conditions, of protest against authority, human and divine, and widespread defiance of law, can we not turn aside at this Christmas season for a moment and learn anew the lesson of love?

When we shall have learned that lesson, we shall also know the better and fuller meaning of obedience, contentment and peace.

Scolding the Ministry.

IF MINISTERS are to be scored for "lying down on their jobs," perhaps a fellow-minister, famous for his aggressiveness and success as a church builder, is the one to do it. The Rev. Dr. M. A. Matthews, of Seattle, moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, has been in New York, engaged in stirring up the brethren, both in pulpit and pew, the former for their indolence, the latter for their lack of zeal. He is quite right in saying that no minister has a right to waste time; and as there is no calling which permits it more if one is so disposed, doubtless there are many ministers who take advantage of it.

But when Dr. Matthews says, "If I could have all the time that is wasted by Presbyterian ministers of America, I could carry the Gospel to all America in six months," he over-estimates the waste of time and under-estimates the task of evangelizing a continent. The Presbyterian ministers of the United States are not, we believe, the burden upon society that this criticism makes them out to be.

Dr. Matthews boasts of working from sixteen to eighteen hours a day, 365 days of the year. Thomas A. Edison, when intensely interested in experimentation, can beat even this record;

but eighteen hours' work out of every twenty-four is more than the average man is able to maintain. If the moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly can strike that gait and keep it up, day and night, year in and year out, he is one man in a million. Out on the Pacific coast Dr. Matthews has built up the largest church in his denomination, but his success there cannot be made the norm of every other man's usefulness as a minister, nor does it follow necessarily that even Dr. Matthews could duplicate this success elsewhere under different conditions.

Perhaps sometimes it is wise to ride roughshod over men or institutions, in order to arouse them to a sense of duty; but the church, its ministry and members, has already been sufficiently criticised. An inspiring presentation of a constructive program of work is more the order of the day.

The Irresistible Woman Suffrage Wave.

THE STRENGTH which the equal-suffrage cause exhibited was one of the surprises of the recent election. That cause carried in four (Michigan, Kansas, Arizona and Oregon) of the five States in which it was submitted to the vote of the people, and it was defeated in Wisconsin alone, chiefly through the active antagonism of the liquor interests. Here are the States which have, along to this time, granted the ballot to women on the same terms as to men, the year in which the ballot was obtained, the electoral votes cast by each and the number of enfranchised women in each:

States.	Elec. Votes.	Women Voters.
Wyoming (1869)	8	28,840
Colorado (1893)	6	213,425
Utah (1896)	4	85,729
Idaho (1896)	4	69,818
Washington (1910)	7	277,727
California (1911)	13	671,386
Arizona (1912)	3	20,000
Oregon (1912)	5	125,000
Kansas (1912)	10	400,000
Michigan (1912)	15	550,000
10 States.....	70	2,441,925

For all the States except the four which adopted the suffrage in 1912, the figures of women voters in this table are those of the women of twenty-one years of age and upward given by the census of 1910. The figures for the other States are approximations based on the average number of male votes cast in 1912 and other recent elections. Equal-suffrage States now extend from the western border of Missouri to the Pacific, cover almost the entire region on the Rocky Mountains' sunset side, and stretch in that locality from the Canadian border to the Gulf of California. And they have an isolated outpost far to the eastward of the Mississippi. As will be noticed by the above table, more States were added to the list in 1912 than in any previous year.

At their next elections, North Dakota, Montana, Nevada and Texas will vote upon the question. This winter resolutions submitting equal-suffrage propositions to the voters of their respective States will be presented to the Legislatures of New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Wisconsin, Missouri and a few other States. Defeated in Ohio in a special election in



EMINENT PROMOTERS OF EDUCATION IN COUNCIL.

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Annual meeting at New York of the trustees of the Carnegie Foundation for Advancement of Teaching. Left to right, standing: Presidents A. C. Humphreys, Stevens Institute of Technology; W. H. Crawford, Allegheny College, Pa.; T. McClelland, Knox College, Illinois; R. A. Franks, Treasurer Carnegie Foundation; Presidents S. B. McCormick, University of Pittsburgh; E. B. Craighhead, University of Montana; C. R. Van Hise, University of Wisconsin; S. Plantz, Lawrence College, Wisconsin; W. L. Bryan, Indiana University; H. C. King, Oberlin College; T. M. Carnegie; Presidents J. M. Taylor, Vassar College; H. M. Bell, Drake University, Des Moines. Sitting: Presidents W. F. Slocum, Colorado College; G. H. Denny, University of Alabama; A. T. Hadley, Yale University; Ira Remsen, Johns Hopkins University; Andrew Carnegie; Presidents H. S. Pritchett, Carnegie Foundation; W. Peterson, McGill University, Montreal; A. L. Lowell, Harvard University; N. M. Butler, Columbia University; C. F. Thwing, Western Reserve University, Cleveland, O.

September, 1912, suffrage is to come before the people of that State again in 1914, under the recently adopted initiative and referendum.

From present indications, half a dozen States or more will be added to the equal-suffrage roll early enough to permit their women to vote for President in 1916. The cause has gained a momentum which will probably enable it to carry many States west of the Mississippi and several east of it in the next few years. Ultimately the cause will carry all the States. Probably it will win in New York, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, which are among the most conservative of all the commonwealths, before many more years elapse. All the parties will have suffrage planks in their platforms in 1916.

In the Old World the women have full suffrage in Australia, New Zealand, the Isle of Man, Finland and Norway. In Great Britain women vote for all elective officials except members of Parliament.

The Plain Truth.

ELECTION! A presidential election in the United States is of world-wide interest. It is not surprising that an anxious crowd eagerly awaited the returns, on the night of November 5th, at the Paris office of the *New York Times*. Of course there are a great many Americans in Paris, and the attractive new offices of the *Times* in the Parisian capital, on the Boulevard des Italiens, are widely known as a travel and information bureau. The further fact that it is in charge of a popular New Yorker, C. F. Bertelli, who has numerous friends on both sides of the Atlantic, must also not be forgotten. This year, for the first time, we believe, Paris was really excited over the choice of the new American President. All of which evidences that the United States is regarded as a world Power whose influence cannot be overlooked.

NEXT! A New York glove manufacturer has been ordered by the German government to close his factory in Saxony and leave the kingdom. The animus behind Germany's action is a desire to stop American competition. Moreover, the American concern paid higher wages than the German firms and thus incurred their enmity. They appealed to the government, and the government ordered the Americans out. Following this comes the attack of Germany on the Standard Oil business, with the purpose of destroying it and putting an end to the growing export trade in American oil products. It is reported that the American Tobacco Company is also to be driven out. Whose turn will come next? Isn't it about time that the heavy hand of retaliation were felt by Germany? Why should we permit it to pour its stream of exports into this country, in competition with the American producer, unless it gives us an equally fair field?

R ESEARCH! A wealthy New Yorker sent all the way to Germany for a physician to come and treat a sufferer from pernicious anemia. Probably many of our readers have never heard of this hopeless and insidious malady, yet it must be widely prevalent, for when the distinguished physician reached this country he was

overwhelmed by applications for his services, in the hope that he might bring relief, while no physicians in the United States held out a word of hope. America is not supposed to be behind the Old World in matters of scientific medical research, especially with the famous institute in New York which John D. Rockefeller established. There is something pathetic in the thought that humanity still suffers from many ills that have been pronounced from century to century as incurable. Is this not an age of progress in medical science as in everything else?

R ETURN! Two men of sterling character who have made their mark in the Senate were returned at the recent election, despite the bitterest opposition. We refer to Senator Simmons, Democrat, of North Carolina, and Senator Warren, Republican, of Wyoming. These two gentlemen had the courage to stand at all times loyally for the interests of their respective States. Mr. Simmons did not believe, as many of his Democratic associates did, in putting lumber on the free list, and he was assailed by the tariff-smashers for that reason; but the overwhelming majority by which he was returned to the Senate shows that he represented the people of his State to their entire satisfaction. Senator Warren was accused, among other things, of getting too many appropriations for public buildings in Wyoming. His constituents were evidently satisfied with what he did for, amid the general defeat of Republican candidates in the Western States, he emerges from the wreck triumphant.

PANICS! Nobody wants a panic. Every one suffers when we have one, the rich as well as the poor. With proper safeguards, there would be no panics; yet the great question of financial reform remains unsolved. Our politicians are too busy "busting" and smashing things. We hear much about a "money trust," but it doesn't exist and could not exist in this country, for any one who conforms to the statutes can go into the banking business without restraint. When a panic comes, the banker must save the situation. There is just as much money as ever in the banks in panicky times, but when everybody is scared, the banks retain their funds, each one seeking its own preservation. Finally, to relieve the stress, the banks issue clearing-house certificates based on their combined credit. These are accepted by bankers and take the place of currency, and thus tide over the situation. In the city of Columbia, S. C., during the panic of 1907, its clearing house issued certificates that were not used by the banks alone, as in the case of New York, but that were circulated in small denominations as actual money. This could not legally be done, but no one objected and it helped to solve the problem. A similar plan was followed by a number of Southern and Western cities. The Hon. A. Barton Hepburn, of the Chase National Bank, former president of the Clearing House of New York, thinks that the temporary device of the Columbia banks could be effectively applied to the national system, so that all the banks could use their actual resources on which to issue certificates to allay unreasonable apprehension in time of stress. These resources, of course, would include commercial paper. Every banker and business man is interested in this subject. Why should not the members of Congress consider it seriously?

A Christmas Dream: Was Christ Born?

BY KATE UPSON CLARK

IT WAS a week before Christmas Day. The weather was cold and stormy. A certain excellent man had been having a hard time in his business, and, though he tried to be a Christian, his faith this evening was pretty weak.

"It does seem," he grumbled, as he settled himself to sleep, "as though, if Christ really was born almost two thousand years ago, in Judea, in the days of Herod the King, things would be better now than they are. It seems as though there is more poverty and crime than ever. Politics is in an awful condition. There isn't a State capital without its legislative scandal. The rich are more scornful of the poor than ever. Money is in the saddle and rides us all. If such a pattern as Jesus Christ really came, with all the heavenly powers behind Him, why haven't men followed it more? You would think that two thousand years was time enough, in all conscience. What if the whole story should be only a myth?"

That night he had a dream. An angel seemed to come and on swift wings take him traveling over the world. Above rivers, cities, mountains they flew, until they paused over a tall tenement house, squalid and rickety. From his hand the angel seemed to loose a shaft of light, which opened the roof to the dreamer's gaze. There was a poor mother, uncombed, half starved, ignorant, walking the floor and wringing her hands in distress. In the one rocking chair in the room, broken and worn, sat a refined and beautiful young woman. A sick babe was in her arms. Beside her were a bowl and towels and medicines, with which she had evidently been ministering to the child. A heavenly light shone on her face as she turned to the poor mother and said, "Do not worry any more. The fever is going. He will get well. I will come again to-morrow."

"How do you like that?" asked the angel. "Isn't that the spirit of Christ? In the old pagan days there was an occasional rich man who gave to the poor 'bread and circuses,' generally in

order to get something out of them; but this going right down into their homes and working with them and for them—giving them the cup of cold water, as it were—that is a direct result of the coming of Christ. And do you know there are thousands like that young woman? Just take your eyes for a moment off the sin and sorrow of the world and look at the other side. Now I will show you something different. You think the rich are gobbling up all they can and taking no thought for the poor. See here."

They paused above a palatial mansion, and again a shaft of light revealed its interior to the dreamer. There, in a large upper room, sat two men.

"Yes," one of them was saying earnestly to the other, "I have been pondering this scheme for a long time, and I have been studying those of other large establishments. There are a good many where something of the sort has been going for years—going well, too. They generally don't say much about it outside. They want to see how it works—and you can understand how some might ridicule it. But I am no longer satisfied to have our thousands of operatives sharing nothing of our prosperity. When we lose, we can stand it, for we have something laid up. When we gain, they should gain, too. All of the other partners have examined the scheme and agreed to it. What do you say?"

"I am willing to enter into the arrangement and to share the profits of our business with our workers," assented the partner.

"There are many others like them," whispered the angel. "You don't know what you are talking about when you say that the rich are everywhere grinding the faces of the poor. Now I will show you something else."

Their next stop was just above a great State house. A room in it was opened to the dreamer's gaze, and he saw plainly a party of men engaged in an animated discussion. At last, one of them said, "You understand, gentlemen, that the road will pay every

(Continued on page 599.)

Christmas Then and Now

BY CARROLL TOWNSEND

IN THE old days it always snowed on Christmas Day, or the ground was covered with the glittering, frosty whiteness that adds a hundred per cent. to the real Christmasy feeling. For, the children, the great day began the night before, as they had not to be urged to seek their beds early on Christmas Eve, there to whisper and chuckle, surmising what was coming on the wonderful to-morrow. One stocking apiece was allowed the little, rosy-cheeked crew, and these in dangling emptiness suggested the surprising fullness which would come with the early dawn.

It was an era of big families, and two and sometimes three were tucked in a single bed under the low rafters of the big, garret sleeping-room. As the moon rose higher over the fairy fields, the little voices drowsily crooned off into broken sentences of conjecture, and one by one the soft breathing attested that, despite the determination to watch for Santa Claus, the youngsters were sound asleep.

Then up the stairs crept father and mother, their arms filled with the simple little gifts that had been locked away in the big sitting-room closet, secure from inquisitive juvenile inspection. What a frolic it was for these two, as they whispered softly and smiled with loving comradeship over the little family whose simple wants meant long, hard days of labor indoors and out, for both parents. Here was a pair of red mittens for little John, a gingerbread man cookie with currant eyes, and a big red apple, a rag doll for Janie, a popcorn ball and a bag of taffy drops. The larger stockings held a trumpet or a muffler. None of the gifts but meant labor and denial.

When the stockings bulged out in the bumpy fashion beloved of all children, the happy father and mother would creep softly downstairs to the big, open fireplace in the kitchen, there to sit with work-hardened hands clasped as in the old sweetheart days, until the big clock struck midnight and the last log broke into a thousand little points of light.

By dawn the old house was astir—no more sleep for the tired parents. Gleeful voices joyously cried "Merry Christmas!" little hands tugged at the covers to waken father and mother to the wonders of the good saint's gifts. It did not matter that they had caught mother rolling out the gingerbread man or that the apple was suspiciously like those in the barrel sent from grandpa's orchard. Everything was invested with a halo of unalloyed happiness, with no disillusion or discontent.

Then came the breakfast of sausage and buckwheat cakes, a riotous meal hastily swallowed, so that the children might be ready for the big box sleigh which drew up at eight o'clock. All were bundled in to make the usual Christmas call on the grandparents. Every child had made a trifling something for these beloved elders, who in the days gone by were not relegated to the shelf, but placed in a special niche of love and respect. What joyous squeals when the sleigh bumped over a "thank you ma'am" which the drifting snow had left exposed, and what a snowball frolic at grandma's, whetting the appetite for the big turkey dinner mother was preparing while the little folks were away!

The church service in the old, familiar edifice, transformed by the greens the children themselves had been gathering for a week before, was a novel and awesome ceremony never to be neglected. Then the afternoon of games, the nut cracking and the corn popping.

Twilight came all too soon, but tired little bodies could not long withstand, and by seven o'clock once more the house was wrapped in slumber, save for the two watchers by the fire, living over again another beautiful Christmas Day.

The Christmas of to-day is one of extravagance and absence of real Christmas spirit. Children spoiled by gifts of expensive mechanical toys would scorn the gingerbread man and the red mittens. Christmas Eve means to many a party at which the manners and menu of the elder social lights are closely aped, and the children brought home in the limousine at nine o'clock are too tired or too sophisticated to care very much about the stockings hanging on the radiator—the modern substitute for the fireplace. How can they believe in a big, fat Santa Claus coming down the chimney when that chimney is represented by a row of pipes?

For weeks they have heard the discussion going on as to what to give, the speculation as to what would be received, the grudging or too lavish sentiment, either of which vitiates the real joy of the season. They have seen Santa Claus in every shop, they have heard mother or sister declare, "If you can't get me that fur coat or that diamond sunburst, you needn't give me anything—I don't want a lot of trash!" All this and more has tended to rob the children of this generation of the wonderful glow from the little homely gifts found in the stockings of long ago.

And then the day itself—how different it all is! Breakfast is late, and, if there is some unsophisticated, real kiddie in this up-to-date family, he shares the joy of his Christmas stocking with the nurse. In the library the gifts are arranged in boxes, done up in tissue paper and aglow with bits of holly and red ribbon. Greetings of Merry Christmas come over the telephone. A procession of messenger boys bring long boxes of roses with the thorny stems sticking out beyond, thus proclaiming their cost, or the registered mail delivers small packages equally suggestive of large expenditure. The gifts as they are opened are received with delighted cries of "How beautiful! It must have cost easily one hundred dollars!"

How would the little gray muffler, knit by the roughened hands of the mother in the farmhouse, be received in this aggregation of glitter and gorgeousness?

The limousine with its orchids and soft upholstery draws up to the door. The fur-swathed figure of the mistress of the house, accompanied by her husband, descends the steps and is rolled away to the aristocratic church, whose Christmas music is rendered by singers whose carols are written in bank notes. No need for the lady mother to stay at home to baste the turkey or stew the cranberries. Everything will be prepared by the corps of trained servants. Even the hour, eight p. m., tallies only with the bedtime of the Christmas party of long ago.

The guests in evening attire will dally with one course after another. There will be champagne instead of cider, and when the last car rolls away from the door, father and mother, as they think of the extravagance they cannot afford, will throw aside for a moment at least the robe of artificiality they have worn all day, and voice the sentiment of the season by saying, "Thank goodness, Christmas comes but once a year!"

From Bethlehem to the Cross



THE SHEPHERDS ON THE WAY.



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.



TAUGHT BY THE HOLY MOTHER.



THE CALL OF JAMES AND JOHN.



TEACHING IN CAPERNAUM.



ON THE MOUNT, OVERLOOKING JERUSALEM.



THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.



THE LAST SUPPER.



MOCKED BY HEROD AND SENT BACK.



BEFORE PILATE THE SECOND TIME.



PILATE WASHING HIS HANDS.



THE SCOURGING BY PILATE.



HAIL, KING OF THE JEWS!



ON THE WAY TO CALVARY.



IT IS FINISHED.



Where Santa Claus Buys His Dolls

By MRS. C. R. MILLER



THE BAVARIAN.
A figure wearing the quaint costume of Bavaria.



SWISS WOMAN.
The attire is that of a peasant in Switzerland.



CHANTICLEER.
The latest French doll offered for the holidays.



AN ODD FIGURE.
This doll wears the dress of a Swiss waitress.



A CURIOSITY.
A strange toy which is made mostly of sponge.



A PRIM FIGURE.
This represents a type of Helgoland woman.



A BEAUTY.
Another representative of Helgoland's fair sex.



A YOUNG TEUTON.
Image of a Bavarian boy in the national costume.

A WAY up in the forests of Thuringia and Bavaria, men, women and children are working day after day fashioning dolls—dolls of every description, which will be shipped to this country to delight our little American girls on Christmas morning. Santa Claus sends in his orders early, for he will brook no disappointment for his little friends on this side of the Atlantic. Many of these dolls are the products of the cottage industry, for hundreds of them are made in the homes of the peasants. They are not as fine and beautiful, perhaps, as those which are turned out in the large factories; but they are nevertheless unique in many ways, and their very quaintness is attractive to the restless little American who, like the grown-ups of the present day, is ever longing for something new—something different.

The United States is Germany's best customer for toys of every description, especially dolls, and each year new types are put on the market. In Sonneberg the greater part of the population is engaged in this industry, and it is the chief source of revenue for

which they are made. The arms, legs and hands are molded in the same manner as the heads—a special machine being used for stamping out the hands. These parts are painted in flesh color, while the heads must have rosy cheeks, red lips and dark or light eyebrows, as the color of the eyes used may require. Putting in the eyes is a simple operation, unless the eyes are to open and shut, in which case the balancing of the lead becomes a matter of some skill. Germany possesses a secret formula for the enamel used on the faces, and the dainty, natural flesh tint of the better grade of dolls is the result of this process. The making of the eyes is a dreary task, for it must be done away from the sunlight, and in some parts of Germany the eye makers work in the cellars. It is said that one town supplies three-fourths of all the dolls' eyes used. Violet is the most difficult color to mix, and few violet-eyed dolls are found.

The wig is the final touch, and this is usually made of real hair imported from China. The hair used for blond dolls is the same, except that the color is extracted. The assembling of the parts is often very

fashion the proper dresses. Dolls of this type have an educational value and will likely prove popular.

In Paris there is a large doll dressmaking establishment where hundreds of girls (many of them fashion experts) are employed. Prizes are offered each year for the most artistic creations in doll dressing and manufacture. This accounts for the fine finish of the French doll, which is a genuine counterpart of the stylish French woman of the period.

Germany, too, has made rapid strides in the perfection of the doll, and as far back as 1851 there was a school for the purpose of teaching the art of coloring the faces, and the beautiful, lifelike baby dolls, with faces painted from living models, are the work of some of its pupils.

Each Christmas season brings its crop of freak dolls, and this year one made of what is commonly known as the "dishrag plant" has made its appearance. I saw a number of these in the toy stores in Nuremberg, and their oddity seemed to appeal to the German child. The queer toy is light in weight, will stand hard wear, and has rather an attractive



A QUEER DEVICE.
Home-made doll which a firm is now manufacturing.



CAPT. KIDD.
The newest thing in rag dolls for holiday gifts.



THE OWL.
A Chanticleer character for sale in the Paris shops.



THE BILLIKIN.
This doll is durable as there is little to break.



THE DOG.
A pretty doll which stands on all fours or upright.



DR. COOK.
Effigy of the explorer who claimed he found the North Pole.



THE NURSE.
Excellent counterfeit of a North Friesian (German) girl.

the town and gives employment to whole families during the entire year.

The making of the composition dolls as seen in the German factories is an interesting process, even though some of the rooms are hot, steamy places where one does not care to stay long at a time. First, there is the kneading-room, where a big mixing trough is set up, and in this all sorts of rag-bag material are to be found—old gloves, rags, bits of cardboard, etc., and gum tragacanth. This mixture is kneaded by hand to the consistency of a paste, heated and carried into the mold-room. There it is dipped up by women and poured into the patterns, which are set up in rows. The molds are put away until they are cold enough to handle, when a workman, by a dexterous movement of his hands, separates the leaden sides, and the doll's head is revealed. The polisher then trims off the ragged seams and sends the heads to another room, where the holes for the eyes are cut out. This is an extremely delicate task, as all the sockets must be of uniform size. The work is done by hand, a long, sharp knife being used.

The heads are next painted, waxed or glazed, depending upon the character of the material from

complicated, as the best jointed dolls have a stout elastic cord on the inside, to which the movable parts are attached. The bodies are stuffed with shavings of cork, sawdust, excelsior or cotton, and the arms and legs must be sewed in place with precision, or a crippled doll would be the result. The entire work demands practice and skill, both of which are acquired early in life by the workers.

At Vincennes, France, there is a large factory where the very best type of French dolls is made. Parts of all dolls are imported from Germany, for that country has a monopoly on the heads, and the factories all over the world depend on the German factories for their supply of this part of the dolls.

A special branch of the industry is devoted to making dresses and hats. The latest styles are copied. The woman in charge is ever on the alert for novelties, and this year the "character doll" has given her no little study. These dolls are made to represent different nations. They are clothed in the picturesque costumes worn in Germany and other European countries before the French fashions spread over the world, and the doll dressmakers have been compelled to study various museums of costumes in order to

face made of celluloid. Dolls made of very durable porcelain have been the "best sellers" in Europe this season and a few of them have reached the United States. Their durability, however, is their highest merit, as they are by no means beautiful.

Few people realize how much it costs to amuse the American child. Not a small part of this expense arises from the purchase of imported dolls. It is known that the wholesale dealers have bought more extensively this year than heretofore, and some idea of the extent of the trade in this article may be formed from the reports of our consuls in Germany.

George N. Ifft, the United States consul at Nuremberg, in a recent report to the Bureau of Manufactures at Washington, states that in one year six million dollars' worth of toys were exported from Nuremberg alone to the United States. This represents the cost to the consumer, as to the original price of the manufacturer must be added an import duty of thirty-five per cent. and an additional one hundred per cent. for freight charges and profits of the wholesalers and retailers. The Christmas shipments usually begin in the early autumn and continue until the middle of December.



IN THE HEIGHT OF FASHION.
Some of the smart French dolls which have been displayed this season.



A GRACEFUL BEVY.
Some of the dolls of France which Santa Claus will carry in his pack.

PHOTO: MRS. C. R. MILLER

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ING TEUTON.
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the national
costume.

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C. R. MILLER



A Christmas Curb Market

People Talked About



VISCOUNT CHINDA.
The Ambassador from Japan, who recently presented his credentials to the President from the new Mikado. He also thanked the President for Secretary Knox's attendance at the funeral of the late Emperor.



**MRS. BENTON
McMILLIN.**
Wife of former Governor McMillin, who lately made an unsuccessful race for the governorship of Tennessee. She is a social favorite.



REV. ISADORE RICKLIN.
Head of St. Patrick's Indian Mission School, at Anadarko, Okla., who has converted over 800 Indians and who has been adopted into the Comanche tribe.



**REV. DR. ALFRED W.
ARUNDEL.**
Who left Trinity Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., and a salary of \$10,000 per year, for St. Mark's Church, where his salary is less than \$1,000.



ELLIOTT WOODS.
The versatile superintendent of the Capitol, at Washington, D. C. His work is difficult, but besides keeping all the senators and representatives happy, Mr. Woods finds time to devote to the violin.



MADE HAPPY BY POLITICS.
President-elect Woodrow Wilson and William F. McCombs, Wilson's campaign manager and chairman of the Democratic National Committee during the late campaign, chumming at Princeton, N. J., after the election.



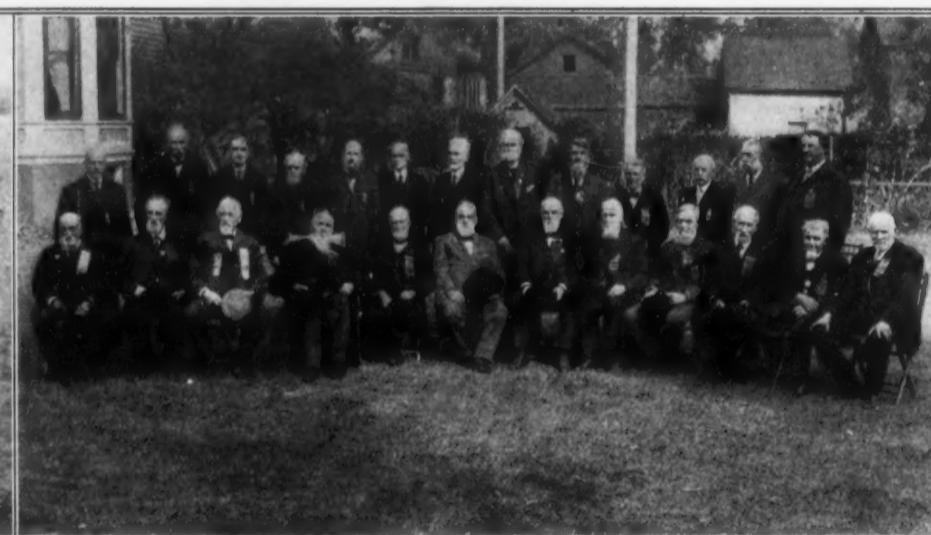
A LADY'S LIFE OF SACRIFICE.
The Honorable Albinia Brodrick, sister of Lord Middleton, former British Secretary of War, who is devoting her life to the service of a few peasants in the village of Ballincoona, County Kerry, Ireland. She is medical and surgical nurse, sanitary inspector, etc. She is seen seated near the fireplace wearing a cap.



I. W. MINER.
Secretary of the B. P. O. Elks' Lodge, No. 39, at Omaha, Neb., which comprises over 1,700 members. Mr. Miner has been a constant reader of "Leslie's Weekly" since 1865, in his boyhood days.



"MAGNET BILL."
Who at the wage of the average workman saves \$20,000 worth of tires yearly by picking up nails with a magnet from driveways about an automobile factory at Toledo, O., producing 40,000 cars yearly.



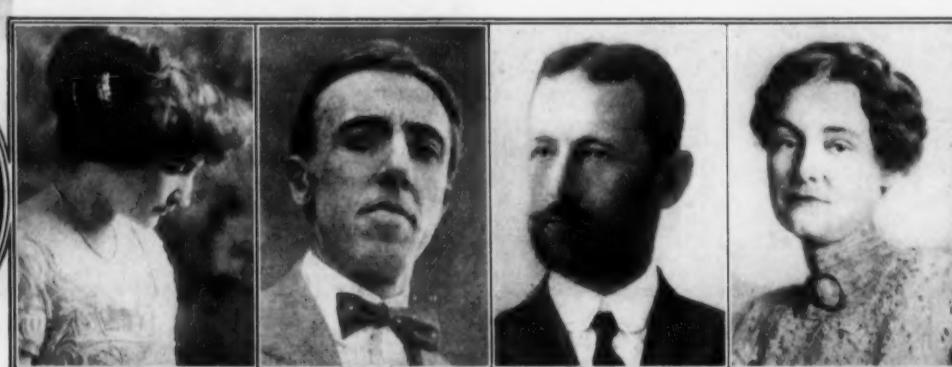
REUNION OF PIONEERS OF '49.
Veteran gold seekers in California in '48 and '49 gathered in the yard of G. W. Hotchkiss, Secretary of the Western Association of California Pioneers, at Evanston, Ill. Owing to depletion of numbers by death and feebleness the society was disbanded. A letter was read from ex-President Roosevelt. Three veterans of the Mexican war were also present. The ages of those in attendance ranged from 64 to 88.



OCTOGENARIAN TWINS.
Henry and Alpha Bumpass, Confederate veterans who fought under General Bragg. They were born Feb. 22, 1832, and they live at Hickory Flat, Miss. They are vigorous farmers.



MRS. FRANK SITTIG.
Of Brooklyn, N. Y., who as the head of the Christmas Tree Society, founded by her, has for twenty-one years annually provided gifts and an entertainment for many thousands of poor children in Brooklyn.



**STANLEY
BOWDLE.**
Of Cincinnati, O., who defeated Congressman Nicholas Longworth, Colonel Roosevelt's son-in-law, in the late congressional election in the first district.
**GENERAL MARIO G.
MENOCAL.**
President-elect of the Republic of Cuba. He is forty-six years old, was educated in the United States, served in the Cuban Revolution, and is a noted engineer.



MRS. DAVID C. McCAN.
President of the Friday Morning Club, at Los Angeles, Cal., who was recently appointed a civil service commissioner by the Mayor. She is the first woman ever appointed to the commission.

Christmas Eve in Naughty Paris

By C. F. BERTELLI



The students in the Latin Quarter, picturesquely attired, romp up and down the streets with girls on their shoulders.

PARIS! The very name evokes visions of a town invested with all the romance of a thousand years! Who is there on this continent of ours, whether in a great city or in the shanties of a Western mining camp, who has not some time or other had his particular dream, nourished by the glowing pictures of the French romantics of the last century, of the light-hearted and glittering gayety of the City of Lights?

Alas! How many are there also who, filled with these poetic ideals about the great Latin capital, have not been sadly disappointed at the reality? Just as the popular color prints of Venice make most travelers, on arriving at the far-famed Queen of the Adriatic, think there is something greatly amiss with the old town, so lots of us who have visited Paris at the usual seasons of the year have their cherished illusions shattered in finding a more or less up-to-date city, beautiful, indeed, but for all that with no lack of taxicabs and advertisement hoardings and other necessities of twentieth-century life, although as yet somewhat behind the times in the matter of creature comforts, which we understand better at home.

Yet, under the surface of this ever-growing modernism, there still sleeps Paris of old, the Paris of Murger, De Musset and Balzac, the Paris of our dreams! The spirit of Rodolphe and Mimi Pinson is not merely a poetic tradition of the past; and once a year — on Christmas Eve — leaving their beloved haunts, which neither you nor I could discover were we to look for them as tourists, the descendants of these sympathetic heroes of Bohemia hold joyous sway over the conventional, the modern, the banal.

If you are an artist at heart, if you cherish your dreams, go to Paris for Christmas; they will be realized. For days before the



Everybody is acquainted Christmas Eve in Paris.

great festivity, you have seen on all sides feverish preparations for Noel, as we call it. All along the boulevards a continuous line of booths spring up like mushrooms on the sidewalks, offering for a few sous almost everything in existence. The normal routine of life is altogether upset. The traffic is trebled, and if you are about in the early morning you will see huge carts coming in from the surrounding country, laden with the mistletoe which France supplies to every part of Europe. If you enter one of the great stores in search of the common necessities of life, you will find it almost impossible to obtain them. The ironmongery department will have been swept away to make place for a huge toy fair, and where you generally seek neckties you are confronted with a Christmas tree, one hundred and fifty feet high, stayed with iron girders and bear-

ing on its branches every conceivable object, from a five-cent toy to a fur coat or a canoe.

To you, a foreigner in exile, all these busy preparations for the supreme festival of conviviality and domestic rejoicings have had the reverse effect that they have on the visibly rising spirits of the Parisians themselves. The very happiness of this particularly happy people seems to you selfish, and while you wander among the crowds you are obliged to recognize that, after all, they are but little different from those that are even now filling the streets of "little old New York" or, say, Chicago. And the very similarity makes you homesick.

The Paris you have read about you look for in vain, and by the time Christmas Eve has actually arrived you are feeling rather wretched to be so out of it all. In the hotel things are equally disappointing. The well-meaning manager thinks it will be giving you a rare treat to serve you with turkey and an imitation of Christmas pudding. How banal it all seems to you! It's not for turkey and Christmas pudding you have come to Paris! And the prospect



Right down this way to see the sword swallower.

of the "real old-fashioned American Christmas dinner" appalls you. Hasn't Paris something better than this to offer?

Without any particular purpose in view, you find yourself outside the portals of the hotel. Darkness has fallen; in front of you lies the huge, dim expanse of the Place de la Concorde. You cross it, mechanically dodging the traffic, and make for the bridge. On it you come to a halt, rather fascinated by the comparative quietness all around you. Business is at a standstill on the river this afternoon; the dark masses of the barges anchored at the waterside obscure here and there the shimmering reflection of myriads of lights along the banks. In the distance there suddenly turns the corner a brilliantly illuminated "bateau mouche," which, by some optical deception, seems to be traveling toward you out of the blackness at a terrific speed. In a moment it has passed below you and noiselessly disappeared. You walk on and are soon in the midst of a network of unfamiliar streets, completely deserted.

(Continued on page 595.)



Room is at once made for you.

Salvation Army Santa Claus

Three Hundred Thousand Dinners Come Out of the Corner
"Pots" Through Contributions of Nickels and Dimes

By EDITH TOWNSEND KAUFMANN



PRIDE WRESTLES WITH POVERTY.
Paper bags are brought by the recipients of Christmas bounty, to replace the too well known Salvation Army baskets.

IT WAS a cold, snowy morning when I took my first stand at the "pot" which I was to guard and into which I was to cajole as many nickels, dimes and quarters as I could, by means of vocal persuasion and the constant tinkling reminder of my little bell. Mrs. Captain John Allen, of the Bowery corps of the Salvation Army, who had given me employment, patted me on the back and, in her pretty, friendly manner, cheerfully assured me I was in luck. "My girls at the 'pots' always do well when it snows. It makes things look Christmasy and people are more liberal."

The man who had accompanied me finished adjusting the tripod and pot, saw that they were in a good spot, placed the box on which I was to stand to avoid the cold and damp of the pavement, and went on to another stand. Though it was bitterly cold, I was warmly clad. The "Army" had furnished me with arctics for my feet, woolen gloves and a great, big cape reaching to my knees, covering the shabby gown and sweater beneath. There were deep arm slits in the cape, so that only one hand at a time need be exposed. A hood and brass buttons gave quite a stylish air to the garment, and the cap, which is the distinctive regalia of the "hired" helpers, was more becoming than the bonnet which I had expected to wear. Before I had been given the position of collector, I had accompanied Captain Allen on her round of investigation, which precedes the distribution of the tickets for the Christmas dinners and toys, to pay for which the liberality of the public toward the "pots" is relied upon to a large extent. It is to be regretted that the Salvation Army is always obliged to draw from other sources to cover the annual deficit.

For days we had ferreted out worthy cases, been assailed by hundreds of children, eager to be among those waiting for gifts from the big Christmas tree in the armory; heard tales of sickness, destitution and grief—absolutely wallowed in misery of every kind, until I marveled at the sunny radiance of the Salvation lassie's face. To bring such joy must, however, leave its impress on the soul of the donor. Everywhere she was acclaimed as an emissary of Santa Claus, and not a man, no matter how rough or besotted, offered her the slightest affront.

At the very top of one of the most squalid tenements, we found an entire family, consisting of father, mother and three children, crowded into one small room. There was a single rickety bed, a stove, two chairs and a tub. The children slept on the floor, and, when there was anything to eat, the tub had to be turned over to form a table. The man had only one arm, the other having been literally torn from the socket in a mill accident.



WORK AND CLOTHING FOR THE WORTHY.
The Christmas dinner basket of the Salvation Army is only one of many benefactions distributed to the deserving poor.

Not much Christmas ahead for them, it seemed; but the "Army" emissary changed this. The ticket for the dinner basket was the first of the benefactions, then sufficient furniture and clothing to make the room liveable and the family presentable, then food and employment—modest, of course; merely a stock of matches and shoestrings for the crippled father—but still employment. Christmas won't be so bad, after all. Then there were "The Three Graces," the name given to three worthy old women who have lived and worked together for years. The Salvation Army dinner to them is a feast, indeed. The youngest of the trio, despite affliction, was a jolly soul, whose genial spirit had kept her companions from sinking into depths of doubt and despair. As I thought of the many whose colorless lives would be made brighter through the widespread Christmas hospitality of this organization, I jingled my bell loudly.

A passer-by, attracted by the unusually insistent note, half smiled and dropped in a dime. There was a hollow sound as it lonesomely sought the bottom of the pot, so I kept up a persistent jingle and was rewarded by quite a shower of coins before I began to feel cold and was obliged to hop on first one foot and then the other to overcome the numbness. At the end of an hour I was relieved by a Salvationist from the "Mission," who gave me a nickel and told me to go somewhere near and get a cup of hot coffee. I didn't need a second urging. I never before knew coffee to taste so good. When I was fully warmed I returned, and the substitute hurried off to warm some one at another pot.

"Missus"—a little piping voice back of me diverted my attention from the passing crowd, who were doing pretty well by me—"please, ma'am, would it be askin' too much for two tickets? You see, me mudder has me and two sets of twins. The twins eat orful, and last year I didn't get nuttin' but a piece of chicken skin. If I could go to the armory and eat me dinner there, I'd get a chanst for a square meal." I took the little chap's name, and he will not have to do with the mockery of chicken skin, nor will the twins be cut down, for a basket will amply provide for them and their mother.

A poor woman, hatless and with a shawl as her only wrap, stood with her two little pale-faced children watching the "pot." This diversion and the store windows were accounted a big part in their Christmas joy. I didn't expect anything from her and was amazed when she drew from beneath the shawl a dollar bill. "I can't do much," she apologized, "but I can help some one poorer than we are." I really didn't want to take the money, but I saw in the kindling eye and the heightened color that real joy which comes only from giving in the right spirit. A little later in the day the reverse of the picture came under my observation. I was ringing my bell as vigorously as my numbed fingers would allow, stopping to shake the gathering layer of snow from my shoulders. This action attracted the attention of a swell-looking man, who was the picture of elegant comfort in his expensive, fur-lined coat. "Pretty cold job," he said.

"Yes; but in a good cause," I replied, slapping my palms together strenuously. "How many dinners do you expect to get from this corner begging?"

"We hope the contributions will be enough to give three hundred thousand." I didn't like the phrase, "corner begging."

"Three hundred thousand, your grandmother!" he demurred. At this I gave him a few statistics, adding that the "Army" always had to make up a deficit, as each year the demand for tickets from worthy beneficiaries increased quite out of proportion to the donations. "Well, you certainly deserve encouragement; it is a worthy cause—a very worthy cause." I tingled with pleasant expectancy. He drew off one of his gloves, undid the fur coat, unbuttoned the one beneath, dived deeply into his vest pocket and deposited one cent in the "pot."

(Continued on page 591.)



THE THREE GRACES.
A typical group of hard working women, whose sole chance of Christmas joy comes through the basket distribution.



THE WATCHER AT THE "POT."
A familiar figure through whose untiring efforts in storm and cold the major portion of the Christmas dinner fund is obtained.



"THIS WAS THE REALITY OF THAT LAUGHING LIE SHE HAD ENVIED."

Easy Street

The Story of a Girl That Went Right

By REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

Author of "The House of Bondage," "The Way of Peace," "The Girl That Goes Wrong," "The Sentence of Silence," etc.

Illustrated by P. J. MONAHAN

THIS is a Christmas story. The chief reason for Christmas stories to be called Christmas stories is that the events which they narrate happen about Christmastime. In that respect my story will be orthodox.

If it is to be orthodox in other particulars, I ought to begin by saying that a silent snow was descending, a great white veil dropping slowly over the streets of the city, hiding the ugliness of the East Side and the ugliness of Millionaires' Row with meteorological impartiality, clogging the hatbrim of the Wall Street operator as he made his way from his office to his waiting motor car and painting roses in the cheeks of the factory girl as she tramped happily from Waverley Place to Avenue A. Yet Truth, which cares nothing for tradition and makes the heresy of to-day the orthodoxy of tomorrow, forbids; and so I warn you at the start that I am about to be heterodox.

It was a spring-like afternoon on the twenty-third of December, not five years ago. The sun shone pleasantly on the dirty tenement windows, and the shouting children played barefoot in the street without having to pause every now and then to rub their red shins. A few sparrows circled rapidly about the chimneys and performed a Maytime twittering. Except in so far as it was affected by the fact that the day chanced to be a Sunday, the world was no more contented or discontented than it is on most twenty-thirds of December, nor was Mattie Schwartz.

She was sitting at one of the two windows in one of the two rooms that was her home. These two rooms were at the top of a hive in Essex Street full of similar apartments and similar people. The rooms were fifteen feet by sixteen in size. In the one that was

also kitchen and dining-room, Mattie went to bed every evening at nine o'clock on a cot. In the other slept her widowed stepmother, Mrs. Schwartz, and the three younger children. To-day being Sunday, Mattie had cooked two scanty meals, swept, scrubbed the floors, repaired the torn patches on Georgie's trousers, sewed Bobbie's coat pocket and Jennie's dress, ironed the family linen, which she had washed the night before, and attended to other odds and ends. These trifling tasks completed, she was enjoying the hour of rest that was hers every week previous to her preparation of the Sunday supper and her retirement to bed for that sleep which was to prepare her for Monday's work in the factory where she was regularly employed.

She was a thin girl, with a slight figure and tired eyes; but her features were good, her cheeks round and her hair plentiful and silken. It was evident that less work and more play would make a beautiful woman of her.

"It's 'most Christmas," said Mrs. Schwartz.

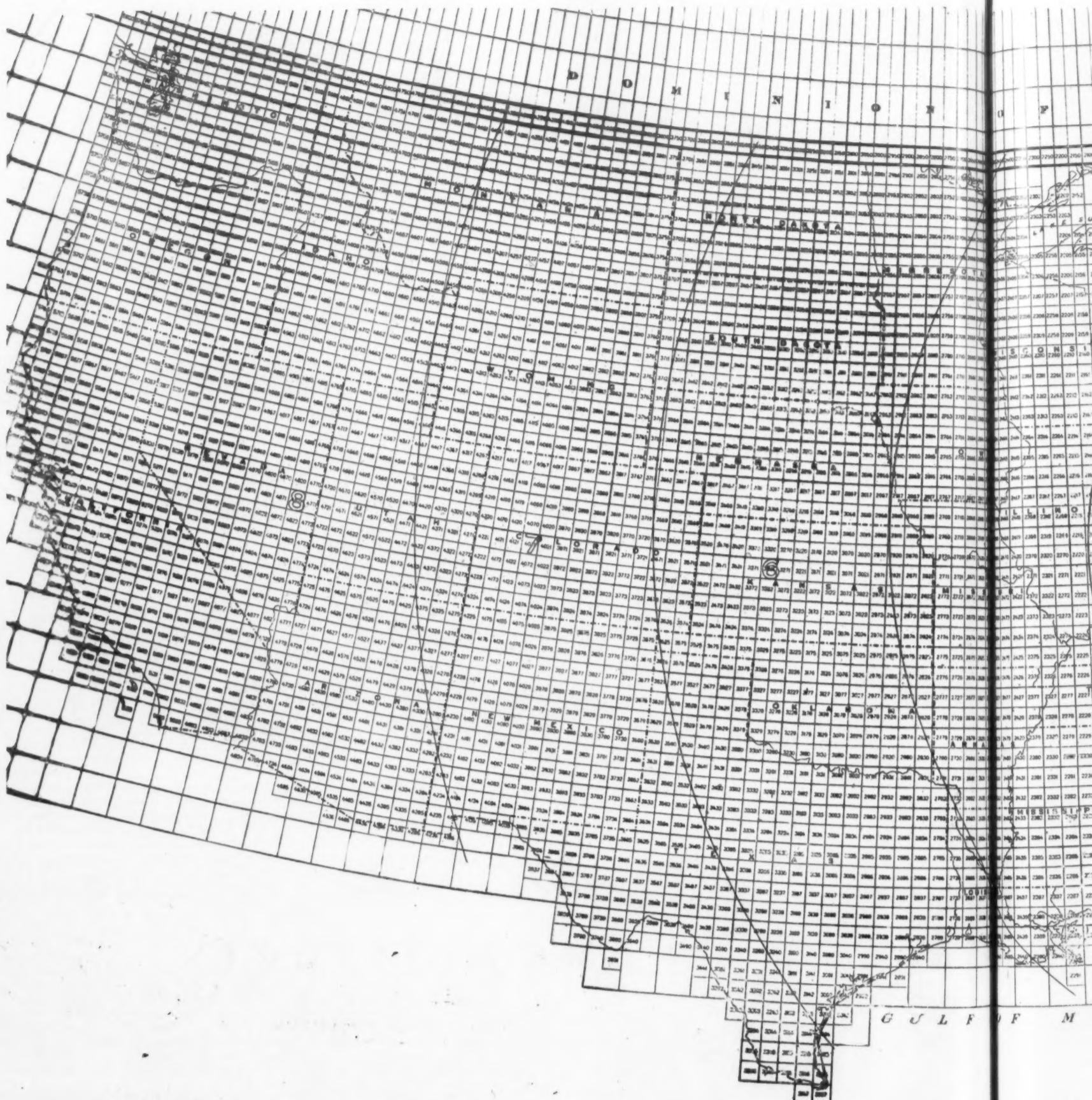
She was horribly twisted by rheumatism, a sort of crooked skeleton, and her ailment, which left her unable to do any work save the minor household chores on week days, had devastated her soul and temper quite as thoroughly as her body. She accepted the wages of her eldest lad, who was a copy boy in a Park Row newspaper office, as a matter of course; and when she accepted the wages of Mattie, her only stepchild, she never omitted to grumble because they were so small.

"It's 'most Christmas," she presently repeated, meaningly.

Mattie rested her chin on her slim hand and her elbow on the sill. She looked out of the window at the roofs and chimneys

(Continued on page 589.)

The Parcels Post—Uncle Sam's Ch



THE OFFICIAL PARCELS POST MAP OF THE

Parcels Post at Last.

By ROBERT D. HEINL,
Washington Correspondent of "Leslie's Weekly."

DYOU know that after the first of next month you will be able to mail anything from a bird cage to a sewing machine? You are a live, up-to-date citizen; but if a man asked you how to send five dozen of eggs from your home, Washington, D. C., say, to Bismarck, N. Dak., by parcels post, could you answer him? Then direct your attention to this wonderful parcels-post map, the first one in the United States. Even your own postmaster has probably not seen it, because it will be weeks before the thousands of post-offices can be supplied.

First of all, pack the eggs carefully. Mark plainly the address of the sender and to whom sent on the tag. Then take a six-foot string and wrap it around the box to see if your package is not too large. Anything containing a farm or factory product which may be girdled by a tape six feet long may be sent by parcels post, provided it weighs less than eleven pounds. Remember that, and you will have memorized as much as the average shipper will have to know. Take your package to the post-office. Later the Postmaster-General hopes to provide street boxes like those now in use for larger packages, but at present the parcels-post customer must convey his own package to the nearest postal station.

After weighing your package, the man at the window

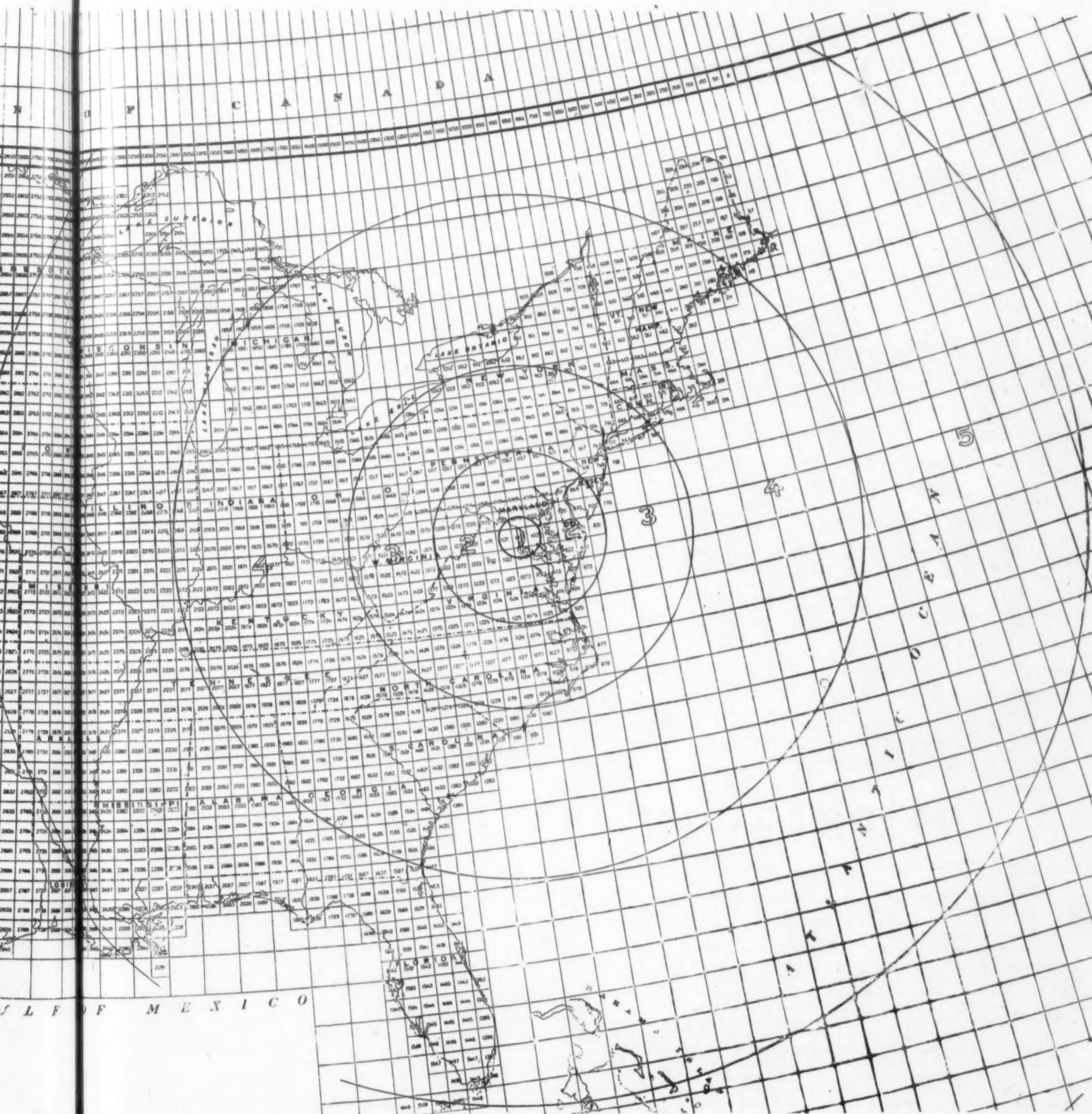
will look up Bismarck, N. Dak., in his parcels-post guide. After Bismarck he will find a number—3,254. Then he will look up at this map and run his hand along the Canadian border and the row of figures there until he comes to a column numbered 3,250, which is the nearest number to the one he is looking for, 3,254. He will follow that column down until he comes to the square numbered 3,254, which contains Bismarck. He will see that it is in the big general zone marked 6. Then he will look down at a table in the lower left-hand corner of the map, where already tabulated for him are the rates for all zones. He will read in this case, "Five pounds to Zone 6, \$46." You will pay that amount and he will place a special parcels-post stamp on the box. From then on until it is delivered to the one to whom it is sent the parcel will be in the custody of the post-office authorities. That is the whole business in a nutshell.

Each post-office will have a map of its own. This one centers about Washington, D. C., but there will be others centering about cities wherever you live. The country is divided into these great zones, numbered from 1 to 8, and small squares, one of which contains your city, which is referred to in the parcels-post guide by a number. These are the rates which apply everywhere: Rural route and city delivery, 5 cents for the first pound, and 1 cent for each additional pound; first zone, within 50 miles of the post-office, 5 cents first pound, and 3 cents for each additional pound; second zone, 150 miles, 6 cents first pound, 4 cents each additional pound; third zone, 300 miles, 7 cents first pound, 5 cents each

additional pound; fourth zone, 600 miles, 8 cents each additional pound; fifth zone, 1,000 miles, 10 cents first pound, 6 cents each additional pound; sixth zone, 1,400 miles, 12 cents first pound, 8 cents each additional pound; seventh zone, 1,800 miles, 14 cents first pound, 10 cents each additional pound; eighth zone, over 1,800 miles, 16 cents first pound, 12 cents each additional pound. The figures make it easy for Uncle Sam to render himself service, and never exceeded.

The magnitude of the parcels post has not been fully realized by the general public, but when each of the 62,000 post-offices of the country, the next month each and child will be inquisitive into the new means of communication. Uncle Sam is making preparations for the office business. Not only will the system be completed, without which no post-offices now only weigh up to four pounds weight of the largest packages carried at present, factories have been swamped with the order of scales, but by the first of the year it is required that the requirements along that line will be met with the signment of weighing machines cost \$77,300, so that this is the single order placed in the United States. Then there will

Ham's Christmas Gift to the Nation



PARCELS POST MAP OF THE UNITED STATES.

ound; fourth zone, 600 miles, 8 cents first pound, additional pound; fifth zone, 1,000 miles, 9 cents first pound; sixth zone, 1,400 miles, 10 cents first pound; seventh zone, 1,800 miles, 11 cents first pound, 10 cents each additional pound; eighth zone, over 1,800 miles, 12 cents first pound, 12 cents each additional pound. These rates will be easy to tender himself to calculate the cost of sending any package. The limit weight of eleven pounds, of course, will be borne in mind in every instance, and exceeded.

The magnitude of the parcels post has not yet dawned on the public, but when one of these maps appears in every post-office of the country, they will awaken a general scope. Within the next month every man, woman and child will be inquisitive into the new system. In the Uncle Sam is making preparations to do a land-office business. Not only will he have to get all of these maps without which the system could never be operated, but he will have to provide special scales. The kind in the market now only weigh up to four pounds, which is the largest package carried at present. The scale will have been swamped with the order for 32,000 pairs by the first of the year it is hoped that all requirements along that line will be met with. The first consignment weighing more than \$77,300, and it is understood this is the largest single order for scales ever placed in the United States. Then there will be parcels-post

wagons, thousands of them. For weeks, day and night, the Bureau of Engraving and Printing has been turning out the parcels-post stamps. In short, it is one of the biggest enterprises this country has undertaken and it will start on even a more elaborate scale than the postal savings bank system, which is now flourishing so handsomely.

Postmaster-General Hitchcock hopes that the new system will reduce the high cost of living. Soon anybody, no matter where he lives, may order his groceries, dry goods or anything he needs from the great cities or centers where keen competition causes lower prices to prevail. There may be some delay, but it is confidently expected that within three months at the most the new system will have all of the wrinkles out of it and be working as well as those established long ago in England, Germany, Belgium, Japan, Mexico, Switzerland, Australia, the Netherlands, Italy, Hungary, Russia, Greece, Portugal, Colombia, China, Chili, Roumania and Luxemburg. The United States will now move from the tail end of the parcels-post procession to the head, for it is predicted that when our delivery scheme is in full operation it will beat anything in the world.

Readers of LESLIE'S and advertisers in its columns should be keenly interested in the establishment of the parcels post. The new system will be most convenient for those who wish to send for articles advertised in LESLIE'S. It will undoubtedly serve to materially increase the mail-order business of many of our advertisers, while proving a boon to distant customers.

The Parcels Post and Business.

By CHARLES MOREAU HARGER.

ON JANUARY 1st parcels post will go into effect in every post-office of the United States. After years of discussion between its advocates and opponents, a plan has been worked out that will be put in operation with a fund of \$750,000 for equipment. Contrary to the system of the postal savings banks, which were introduced gradually, a few post-offices at a time, parcels post will be at once in general use, and the Post-office Department, from the Postmaster-General to the remotest rural carrier, is striving so to arrange affairs that it shall be handled without congestion.

In the country post-office there is nervousness over the conditions that may arise. The present force of clerks, city carriers and rural carriers, is so adjusted that each employee has all the work he can perform in the statutory day of eight hours. The city carriers go out from the offices loaded with the heaviest burden possible to carry. Sometimes they must make two trips to distribute the mail thrown to their division or territory. The policy of the government has been to accomplish the most possible service with the smallest possible number of employees. The rural carriers have routes of from twenty-five to thirty miles and must make these rounds between eight-thirty or nine a. m. and six p. m. To do this

(Continued on page 594.)



The Conflagration at the Corner

By HOMER CROY

THE FIRE department in my old home was a "volunteer" one. The fire-fighting apparatus was kept on the left side of Luke Chilvers's blacksmith shop—just behind the New York One Price Clothing Store—all kinds of repairing neatly and quickly done, horse shoeing a specialty. Each fireman had a bucket hanging on a nail in the blacksmith's shop and his photograph filed with the editor of the *Weekly Argus*.

When a fire broke out, rivalries were forgotten and everybody was friends; but in the midst of the whirl and rush, Newt Kennedy always had to stop and tell about the new ketch of rheumatism that he had in his back the night before, just as he was reaching up to wind the clock. There was always something the matter with Newt; you couldn't listen to him talk five minutes about his ailments and troubles without great tears standing in your eyes. You would think that he would never live to see the light of another day, but the next morning he would be down at the grocery store before they had got it mopped out and the cheese knife cleaned off. Each year Newt's tale of affliction grew worse and he himself healthier and healthier.

When a fire broke out, some one ran tearing down to Luke's blacksmith shop and swung onto the bell-rope. Then he was to get the key to the padlock from behind the tomato-can lid nailed to the side of the building and open up the shop. No one was ever a real citizen until he had been led behind the blacksmith shop, sworn to eternal secrecy and told where the firehouse key was kept. No one except the volunteer fire department—which included every able-bodied man in town—and their wives and the minister knew where the key was kept. Anyway, transients had no idea that there was a big secret that they could never share.

As soon as the first man had rung the bell and unlocked the door, he got the blocks out from in front of the wheels, let down the tongue and hung his fire bucket on the wagon. As the men came wheezing in, out of breath, he had to tell each one about the fire. When the first man arrived, he barely knew that the fire was down at Newt Kennedy's; but by the time the sixth volunteer had come wheezing in all out of breath, he knew that it had started from mice playing with matches and that now the whole kitchen was in

one mass of flame and that he himself had dragged Mrs. Kennedy out from a blazing bedroom and had rubbed the fire out of her nightclothes with his bare hands.

When enough citizens were there to man the fire cart, the men caught hold of the ropes and started out on a brisk trot, pulling on their hats and worming into their coats. When the hose was dropped down the nearest well and the force pumps were ready to work, trouble always began. No one ever wanted to man the pumps, but there was always a big crowd at the nozzle to play the stream.

"Here, let me do that," a chorus would yell. "You worked it last time!"

Just as sure as the hose got into the hands of Luke

A Bachelor's Christmas.

No wife and babes at home for me—a bachelor am I! To none am I beholden as my pay-days roll by. I seek my snug apartment at the hour that suits me best, And never need apologize should I bring home a guest. I go to bed when sleepy and I sleep till I am through; And none derides and no one chides my next day's feelings blue. But yet—don't tell the neighbors, most especially the women—I've perfect aches inside me when the Christmas trees are trimmin'!

Last night as I ascended to my silent little flat I heard, inside the Thompsons' hall, a muffled pit-a-pat; The door swung swiftly open and a towed little head Peeked 'round the jamb, and "Daddy!" was the joyful thing it said. I mother jerked it backward as she shut the door again—I heard the baby's wailing, and the ache came on me then, I envy folks with babies and the joys their Christmas brings—The countless opportunities to please with little things.

No spouse and babes at home for me—a celibate am I With none to share my wages as my pay days saunter by. I seek my still apartment at the hour that suits me best, And ne'er do wifely bickering postpone my nightly rest. I turn in when the yawns come on, and slumber till I'm through; And none sneers "Katzenjammer" if next day I'm fellin' blue. But yet—don't tell the neighbors; keep it mainly from the women—I've lonely, achy feelings when the Christmas trees are trimmin'.

—Strickland Gillilan.

Childers, the firemen were certain to be drenched. Luke couldn't stand excitement. His style of playing the hose was alarmingly impressionistic. He wanted to cover the whole house at once, a touch here and a spatter there, and in running from one side to the other he was certain to trip over the hose and let the stream go twisting and worming through the crowd, doubling up the volunteers like paper. When anybody tried to get the nozzle out of Luke's hand, he would brace the hose on his hip and with the free hand push the intruder away with, "Keep away, keep away! This is a mighty bad fire, mighty bad, and it takes an old hand at the nozzle!"

Our fires were always exciting, whether there was any smoke or not. We never had a fire that was a failure. The smaller the fire, the more things we could carry out of the house. If it was a big fire, with sharp tongues licking everywhere, we couldn't get into the house to carry out things, so it wouldn't look as though we had tried to do our duty as volunteer firemen and public-spirited citizens. If we rushed into the house and carried out things until the front yard was half full of lace curtains, family Bibles, stereoscopes and china, we knew that we had really accomplished something.

The bigger the man, the more fragile his load: Big Butch Ford always gathered everything off the not-so-shelf—a bunch of wax flowers in one hand and in the other a sea shell that would sound like the ocean if you put it up to your ear—and would come tearing through the crowd with his hands held high over the heads of the rest of us, and rush over to a flower bed, with a row of bricks on ends around it making a ragged collar, and dump everything down with a shivering crash. One night he came rushing madly out, bearing aloft a steaming tea kettle in one hand and in the other a glass case containing a stuffed humming bird clinging to a gnarled twig. Big Butch didn't care a straw for his life as long as there was a china pig bank with a hole in its back to drop the nickels and pennies in or a mustache cup in the house. No fire was a success without Big Butch.

The next week the *Argus* would come out with pictures of all the heroes and a long article telling about the fire being the worst conflagration ever in the history of our city. It was always a conflagration—never a fire.

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Easy Street

(Continued from page 585.)
opposite, glowing in the December sun.

"Almost," she said.

Mrs. Schwartz's sunken eyes appraised the girl.

"It don't mean much to us," she remarked. She waited for reply. There being none, she pressed her point. "It used to, but it don't no more. Christmas was Christmas in the old country. We got presents, we had Christmas cakes and toys for the children, and games and plenty to eat. And while your pop was alive yet, we had them here."

Mattie stirred restlessly. "Well," she said, "I'm sorry. I want Christmas cakes as much as you. But they don't pay women what they pay men."

"Don't they?" asked Mrs. Schwartz. Her toothless mouth worked for a moment silently, then she concluded, "Depends on what sort of work the women do."

For many weeks Mrs. Schwartz had hovered about this subject as a buzzard circles about a dying sheep. The circles are slow, but unequivocal; the bird darts and retreats, but it never retreats quite the distance that it advances.

"What do you mean?" Mattie turned quickly. Her voice was sharp. She knew well enough what her stepmother meant, but her long-strained nerves quivered for finality.

"Nothing." Mrs. Schwartz drew back so suddenly that she courted a twinge of pain in her right shoulder. She caressed the shoulder with her chalky left claw. "Oh!" she moaned. "Oh, how you done and hurt me! Oh, my poor bones!" She took refuge from inquiry behind a ready scarf of tears.

But Mattie wrested the scarf.

"I want to know what you meant," she persisted.

"I meant you jumped at me so, you hurt me."

"I'm sorry. But what did you mean—before that?"

"Oh, my poor bones!" wailed Mrs. Schwartz.

"About the sort of work a woman could do," said Mattie, for once relentless. "What did you mean?"

"I'll tell you what I meant!" cried the old woman. She struggled to her feet, and held, with bulging knuckles, to the back of her chair. "Did you never hear tell what your mom was?"

Mattie knew. Despite the form in which she now put the question, Mrs. Schwartz had many a time informed the girl concerning her mother's occupation and substantiated her statement by incontrovertible evidence. The color came to Mattie's cheek, but she bit her lip and won the mastery of her emotions. She did not always master her emotions. Mattie's virtues were not many. That she had thus far remained what she would have described as a "good" girl was a merely negative virtue, because she had generally been too busy to be tempted to be anything else; but she had one quality sufficiently rare—she hated to lie, and she was brave enough to practice that hatred.

"Well," she said, "you don't think much of my mother. If I want to keep your respect, I mustn't be—that."

The old woman poured forth a stream of abuse. Had she not taken her husband's illegitimate daughter into her own family? Had she not reared the child as a child of her own? So long as the damp attic in which they lived had failed to strike her with the crippling rheumatism, had she not toiled for Mattie? Respect, indeed! She befooled the world. Where was the respect that was due from the ingrate to the benefactor? The plain truths were these: The family could not much longer make two ends meet—dispossession would threaten them—starvation. The little children would be carried off to institutions, and she, their mother, must die.

Mattie listened with bowed head.

"And the doctor told me," said Mrs. Schwartz, "if we lived in dry rooms, I would be cured."

The implication was obvious. Two floors below them lived a woman that plied the trade which Mrs. Schwartz had in mind for Mattie, and Mrs. Schwartz knew of this woman. A few weeks before, a young man that had left the packing department of the factory and prospered had approached Mattie with a definite offer, and Mattie had told Mrs. Schwartz of the scornful refusal

with which this proposition had been met.

Mattie wondered. She wondered whether there was not some justice on her stepmother's side. The old woman had done all that she claimed to have done. So long as she could be a real mother, she had not failed in her maternal duties. If, since then, she had failed, her disease was responsible. If she was angry, grudging, complaining, these were the results of illness. Mattie felt that, if Mrs. Schwartz had not brought her up, she would not be what she was to-day. Mrs. Schwartz had the right to ask that the gift be returned. What were Mattie's origins that she should be particular? And if the old woman's life and the young children's futures were in the balance—The factory life was not easy. There were long hours, the pay was small, and ahead there loomed forever more long hours and more small pay. So long as these people depended upon her, she had no chance of marriage, and by the time that the dependence ceased, she would have passed beyond the marriageable age. Then she would pass beyond the employable age. And then?

She turned to Mrs. Schwartz.

"Oh," she choked, "I'll ask for a raise. Perhaps I can get a raise. The foreman likes me—"

"He likes you!" The old woman's eyes glittered. They were like the eyes of a starving man to whom one speaks of the possibility of food.

"He likes my work, I mean. He said so once. Maybe he'll give me a raise."

She clung to that Maybe. Why? She did not know why. She was a girl without the resisting force supplied to some by education; she had never had any time for real education. She was a girl that had never had any time for the cultivation of the religious impulse, and, although without prejudices for or against accepted religion, she was, according to the prevailing standard, without religion. Finally, her only knowledge of what is narrowly called by the wide name of immorality (so completely has one breach of the conventional code usurped the title of all its violations) was based on the observation that it seemed to supply ease. Yet, for a reason that she could not analyze, she did not wish to embark upon this new adventure unless there was no other way. Without a conscious reason, she opposed the embarkation; she opposed it violently.

So she clung to her Maybe. On the strength of it she promised her stepmother dry rooms and health. When the children returned to the dreary tenement from play, she had so far convinced herself of the certitude of her desires' fulfillment that she laughed and hugged and kissed them all, and promised Jennie a new dress and Georgie and Bobbie an overcoat apiece. She found that the act of uttering her prophecy confirmed her belief in the fulfillment of her prophecy—and the children were happy.

All this, of course, was on Sunday. On Monday, during the half hour allotted her for luncheon, she approached the pock-marked foreman.

He looked at her in mild surprise.

"You got my word soon," said he.

He was leaning leisurely against a littered sewing machine in the deserted workroom. About him the floor was strewn with clippings from bolts of cloth.

"Your word?" Mattie repeated.

"Yes. I just sent for you."

"No, I didn't get no word. I came to ask you if"—she brought it forth bravely, her eyes shining—"if I could get a raise."

The foreman laughed.

"That's funny!" said he. "I sent for you and a dozen of the others to say orders has dropped, Christmas work bein' over, and the firm's goin' to lay you off. I'm sorry."

Mattie's face went white. She felt the pit open beneath her.

"How long?" her stiff lips inquired.

"How long'll it be for?"

"I dunno. Not long, I guess. Not more'n a month or two. Orders'll be comin' along then."

Her thin hands clasped before her, the fingers twisting.

"Two months!" she whispered.

The foreman was not a bad sort, according to his lights.

(Continued on page 590.)

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Easy Street

(Continued from page 589.)

"I'm sorry," he said again.
"That won't pay rent," said Mattie.
"No, it won't. Don't I know? Are you hard up?"

"Who ain't?"
"Well, I— Look here, Mattie, you're too good-lookin' to be much hurt. It's ugly girls starve to death."

She was not angry. She understood that he wanted to offer her hope, and there was no room in her for anger.

"Yes," she said. She thought she smiled. "I guess that's right."

When she left the shop that evening, she took from her pocketbook a bit of paper. It was the margin of a newspaper on which the man had given up his work in the packing department and prospered elsewhere had written his address. It occurred to Mattie now that her scorn of his offer could not have been so deep as she had pretended, since she had not destroyed that paper. Was there an instinctive inclination toward him? Or had she seen the long shadow of approaching necessity? She went to the tenement where the fellow lived and she met him at its street door.

He was a sleek, plump young fellow, with that sort of smiling courtesy, that type of self-assurance which is the subtlest insult. He had a broad, pimpled face and narrow, watery eyes. As he saw her approaching, he threw away his cigarette with a politeness like a blow.

Mattie's tired eyes regarded him steadily. To her he was not a man; he was a dry room and health for her stepmother and a new dress for Jennie and overcoats for the boys.

"I been thinkin' over what you said," she announced.

The young fellow leaned against the door, thrust his hands into his coat pockets and smiled.

"Changed your mind?" he asked.

"I—I don't know." She was resolved not to lie.

"I thought you'd change your mind."

"I'm not sure I've changed it." But the young man was certain. His certainty was his most repulsive quality.

"Well," he said, unconsciously echoing the transcendental philosopher of Concord, "what's the use of a mind if you can't change it?"

Mattie said,
"I'm fired. A dozen of us is laid off."

"Laid off?"
"Yes."

"I heard you was goin' to be," said the young man.

"We're laid off for two months."

The young man spat resoundingly on the ground and patted the result with the toe of his neatly shod foot.

"You know what that means, I guess," said he.

"I know." She would not deceive herself or him.

"Well?" He shot a look at her, then his gaze reverted to its pedal occupation.

"Well?" said Mattie.

"Want me to take you on, Mat?"

She was face to face with it now. She drew a great breath.

"What's there in it for me?" she asked.

"Easy Street."

"But how much?"
"Depends on you."

"How much?"

"Maybe five dollars for a night's work."

"And maybe—"
"Never less'n a two-spot, an' you got your days to yourself."

She fought with it.

"I ain't certain sure," she said.

"Oh, yes, you are!"

His own certainty increased as he said it, and therein lay his danger.

Mattie suddenly hated him for his certainty. She turned her back.

"I'll come here to-morrow noon," she said, "and tell you."

She started to walk away.

"Mat!" he called.

She would not turn her head.

"To-morrow noon," she answered, and walked toward her home.

As she climbed the stairs, she stopped at the door of the room occupied by the woman that lived two floors below the Schwartz family—the woman that had made the great adventure. It occurred to Mattie that it would be a wise proceeding to question this woman.

Mattie knew her perfectly by sight.

as did the very children of the tenement. Like the children, who were as keenly aware of the woman's business as was Mattie, she had often admired this woman's clothes, which were far better than any others worn in the immediate neighborhood, her bright cheeks, her wealth of hair and her unvarying cheerfulness of manner. The woman was abundantly prosperous and happy.

Mattie knocked at the door.

Inside somebody coughed.

"Come in," said somebody.

Mattie went in.

She saw, to her surprise, a room not much better furnished than her own home. It was a small room, with a faded carpet on the floor and a dirty window. On a chair near the door was a pile of rumpled finery, clothes tossed carelessly aside, and Mattie noticed that the striped silk petticoat was bedraggled and that the underclothes were strikingly poor and uncared for as compared with the outer. She noticed, too, that the bureau bore an open rouge box and was laden with switches and "rats" and curls—all common to hirsute deceptions.

"What do you want?"

The voice came from the disordered bed.

Mattie turned to it.

Above a blanket that outlined a shrunken figure rose a face that Mattie at first thought the face of an ill stranger. The ringed eyes were like holes burnt into a piece of sallow cloth. The cheeks were thin, the lips blue.

"I"—began Mattie. Then she recognized her hostess. This was the reality of that laughing lie she had envied; this was the woman who had made the great adventure. "Are you sick?" asked Mattie.

The woman coughed. It was a short, dry, racking cough. Mattie knew it, because it was the cough that had torn her father for three months before his death.

"No," said the woman. "Just a cold. I can't get rid of it."

"But you're in bed!"

"Takin' the rest cure. I got to get up soon and start work. You got to excuse the way I look—wasn't expectin' visitors."

"Shall I go?"

"No; glad to see you. I don't see many women. Sit down."

Mattie sat down on the bed. Without preliminaries, she stated her difficulty.

"What should I do?" she concluded.

The woman had been watching her with a face that, when not contorted by coughing, was full of a strange interest. Now she turned her face away.

"How do I know?" asked the woman. "Don't ask me."

Mattie, however, wanted to get at the truth of things.

"What'd you do?" she asked.

"I dunno. What I done, I guess."

"Could I make good at it, do you think?"

The woman surveyed her guest.

"Well," she said, "anybody can get along. Of course, you're not so much to look at as I was—." A cough interrupted her.

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Mattie, however, wanted to get at the truth of things.

"What'd you do?" she asked.

"I dunno. What I done, I guess."

"Could I make good at it, do you think?"

The woman surveyed her guest.

"Well," she said, "anybody can get along. Of course, you're not so much to look at as I was—." A cough interrupted her.

"How do I know?" asked the woman. "Don't ask me."

Mattie, however, wanted to get at the truth of things.

"What'd you do?" she asked.

Salvation Army Santa Claus

(Continued from page 584.)

By night the wind was stinging and slashing against my face like so many needles. It ballooned out the long cape, sending shivers down my spine and around my waist. Even two cups of hot coffee were not enough to maintain a comfortable warmth under such conditions, and I was truly glad to see the last inspector collect the afternoon's offerings. The money in each "pot" is counted and banked at the close of the day. Some little idea of what a tremendous sum required can be gained from the amount of provisions for greater New York alone bought by the "Army." These are purchased by officers who by long experience have become expert at the business. Last year they bought 6,000 loaves of bread, 6,000 chickens, 6,000 cans of soup, 3,000 pounds of coffee, 250 bushels of potatoes, 3,000 pounds of sugar, besides many barrels of apples and bushels of other fruit and vegetables. These figures are proportionately large in every important city and town in the country.

The sense of pride, which many people think is dead when charity is accepted, proved very much alive in the case of a small girl who had loitered around the "pot," evidently wishing to say something and yet afraid to do so. I smiled at her several times and once asked her if she didn't feel cold. She shook her head vigorously in denial, but still hovered as the snow grew deeper, and I really began to be alarmed for her health. When the man came to carry the tripod, pot and stand back to the Mission, she realized her last chance for speech was at hand. "Say," she blurted, "here's your ticket. Mother says we don't want all the neighbors to know we can't buy a dinner Christmas Day." The tears welled up and the childish voice faltered.

"Why, of course they won't have to know," I assured her. "You bring a big paper bag to the armory and throw the basket away. No one will know but that you just came from market."

"Oh, can we?" The eager little voice was almost a sob, and when I gave her back the ticket and told her if she applied to Captain Allen she could come

to the Christmas tree and get a toy as well, she ran away through the falling snow like a little dancing sprite, and I knew that pride and poverty in this case wouldn't clash and deprive one family of a taste of Christmas joy.

Though I worked with a will every day, tinkling my bell and varying my appeals by interjecting running comments on the joy of Christmas giving and the great work of the Salvation Army, I was disappointed in the results. I found, by comparing notes with others who had worked at the "pots" when they were first introduced, that quarters were the rule then, against dimes and nickels now. And yet every year there are more to be fed. In this country, twelve years ago, twenty thousand poor were invited to a Christmas dinner; now three hundred thousand clamor for the charity. A gracious and kindly idea was the substitution of the basket dinner, that could be cooked and eaten at home, instead of the public hospitality which was but a charity spread.

Having done my part up to the night before Christmas, I eagerly accepted the chance to serve at the armory on Christmas Day. The last few nights had been trying ones, as I had been transferred to the shopping district and my hours were extended to ten p. m., to catch any belated charitably disposed shoppers, buying their Christmas gifts at the eleventh hour; but I was on hand early at the armory. As early as it was, the long waiting line showed me that the real Christmas would not begin for many until they had the basket and its contents in their own home.

As fast as my arms would work, I passed out baskets as the tickets were produced. Old women and little children staggering under the weight of the bounteous burden blessed and thanked me; sad-eyed, gentle-faced women, boys whose rough hands and worldly-wise little faces proclaimed them wage-earners with family responsibilities on their youthful shoulders murmured their gratitude, and each moment my heart warmed in sympathy with the work which had enabled me to play a small part in the Christmas campaign of the Salvation Army.

Easy Street

(Continued from page 590.)

"Well," said the woman, "if you go in for it, remember one thing: if you want to make good, you got to laugh. Don't forget that. You got to laugh all the time. They don't want grouchies. An' another thing. You got to fool 'em. You got to let each guy think you're crazy about him. Don't mind tappin' wads when they ain't lookin'. You got to do that. You got to laugh an' lie an' make a touch."

"Thank you," said Mattie. "Good-night."

"Good luck!" said the woman.

Mattie went on upstairs. She passed the door of her own home and climbed to the roof. She walked out on the flat roof, where tenants dragged their bedding in the hot nights of summer, and there, leaning against a chimney, she looked over the city, already ablaze with electric lights and throbbing with the gayety of Christmas Eve. She remained thus for some hours, and during those hours there was performed in her the miracle of thought.

When she came down and entered the kitchen in which Mrs. Schwartz was hobbling about, she stopped, with a single glance, her stepmother's tirade against tardiness.

"I didn't get that raise," she said. "I got fired. The day after Christmas I'm goin' out to look for work. But it ain't goin' to be the kind of work you want me to do. If I get a job, I'll help you an' the kids like I always done. If I don't, why, I guess they'd be as well off in one of those institutions, anyhow, an' you in a hospital. Me, if I want to, I got the right to starve."

That is the way Mattie told me the story two years later.

"What was it you thought about up there on the roof?" I asked.

"I dunno," she said, fidgeting. "Not religion. Not what you'd call religion, I guess. I'd always been too busy keepin' alive to worry much about

what'd happen when I was dead. I just thought to myself, 'This here life they all want me to go into's a lie.' And if there's anything I hate, it's a liar. 'These men what run after women like that one,' I says to myself—'what's it they're buyin'?' I says. 'And what is it the woman's got to sell?' I didn't know, but I seen this, all right, all right: I seen that what they thought they was buyin' wasn't a bit what she was sellin' them. They just bluffed her, and she just bluffed them. All. Do you get me?"

I nodded.

"Then," continued Mattie, "I thought about my stepmother. I says to myself, 'She's a wreck; that's what she's got for bein' respectable. And look at this other woman,' I says; 'she's a wreck, too; and that's what she's got for bein' the other thing. Seems to me there ain't much choice in results.'"

"Yes?" said I.

"I was lookin' at the city lights," said Mattie, "and then it all seemed to me just like that. I thought here was all these people gettin' ready for Christmas—some gettin' drunk for it and some goin' to church. I thought some of those gettin' drunk was no worse'n some of those goin' to church; but I thought the point wasn't church or whiskey so much as playin' square. Here was me havin' to choose between doin' fair work an' bein' cheated by my boss, or doin' cheatin' work and bein' cheated, anyhow; and I says, 'I'll do the fair work; I'll fight like a tiger against bein' cheated, but I'll work fair and I'll fight fair.' And I done it,"

said Mattie; "and it seems to agree with me. That's what I guess we're here for: to work fair and to fight fair—fight, but fight fair. Still, I ain't preachin'. I don't pretend to know much about God."

That was the way Mattie looked at it. For my part, I sometimes wonder if she does not know more about Him than most of us.

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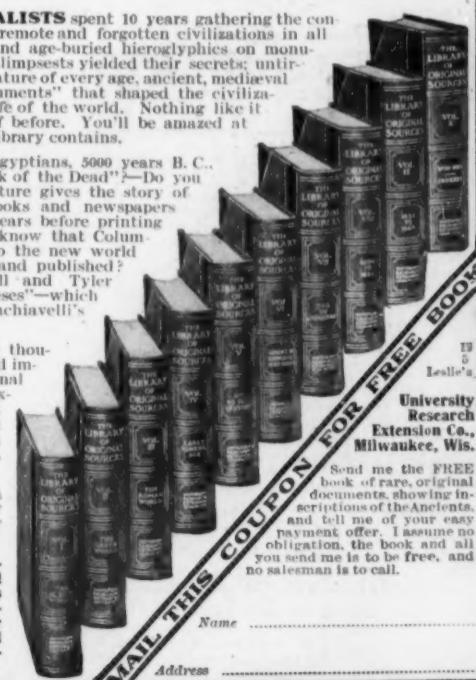
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Former Superintendent of Insurance of New York State, who has been elected President of the National Motor Indemnity Company.

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

NOTICE.—Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY at the home office, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, at the full cash subscription rates, namely, five dollars per annum, are placed on what is known as "Jasper's Preferred List," entitling them to the early delivery of their papers and to answers in this column to inquiries on financial questions having relevancy to Wall Street, and, in emergencies, to answer by mail or telegraph. Preferred subscribers must remit directly to the office of Leslie-Judge Company, in New York, and not through any subscription agency. No additional charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be enclosed, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. All inquiries should be addressed to "Jasper," Financial Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fifth Ave., New York.

WHAT is the matter? Everybody is asking this question in Wall Street. It was hoped and believed that if the election should prove decisive and the uncertainty of the future be relieved, an optimistic tone would prevail in business quarters everywhere.

It was argued that the enormous value of the crops would justify this. It was felt that conditions generally favored the full return of prosperity. Everybody knows that storekeepers are not overstocked with goods, that railroads need new equipments and that plenty of capital is seeking employment.

The panic of 1907 is in the past and has been followed by several years of sluggish trade, so that, in the ordinary course of human events, better times might be looked for. But it is the unexpected that usually happens and so it is now.

The stock market hesitates, business is sluggish, the bulls have lost confidence and the bears find it easy to make their raids. After all, this might have been expected. It has always followed fear of any radical change in our financial or economic policies.

It was so when free silver was threatened. It was so after Cleveland's election, when tariff reduction was promised, and it is so now because of the general belief that an attack on the tariff is to be made all along the line. The best proof of this is found in the declining tendency of stocks of corporations that have been fostered and nourished under the protective tariff.

Of course it may be said that, if the tariff is lowered and manufacturers suffer, they can have recourse to a reduction of the cost of labor and thus reduce their expenses. But it is not an easy matter to reduce wages. This means strikes, lock-outs and a general disturbance of the business equilibrium.

It is true that strikes usually fail, but, nevertheless, a reduction of wages would be felt by every merchant in every line of business as well as by the farmers, because it would mean lessened ability to buy the things that the merchant sells and that the farmer produces. For this reason I have always been a believer in high wages—the higher the better. And for this reason I have always believed in a protective tariff—the greater the protection, the better for all the country and for all its people.

I suppose a lot of my readers will disagree with me, but our differences of opinion are honest, at least, and we can all afford to wait and see which has the better and wiser judgment. It looks as if we might know within a very few months. I sincerely hope that I may be in error and that the promised prosper-

ity of the country will blossom and bud forth under the new administration.

The prosperity of the country is not a question of politics. It is a question of the home, the family, the children, of decent living, good clothing and of good morals as well, for people who are well clothed and well fed are much less likely to go wrong than those who suffer from privation.

I do not believe that the country is going to ruin. We are too strong and patriotic for that, and if the stock market should have a bad break, securities with an investment quality can be purchased and held for better times, for the best is always yet to come.

T., Stamford, Conn.: I hesitate to advise the sale of a dividend payer at a loss. It would not be surprising if the New Haven dividend were reduced. Southern Pfd. looks more attractive at present.

L., Little Falls, N. Y.: The talk of new competition in the West has tended to check the speculative buying of Corn Products Com., but if the market should take an upward turn, all the low-priced industrials should do better.

Six Per Cent. Mortgage, Burlington, Vt.: The 5½ to 6 per cent. first mortgage bonds secured by improved Chicago real estate are recommended by S. W. Straus & Co., Straus Bldg., Chicago, very highly. A feature that has attracted many investors is the convertibility of these bonds because of the custom of Straus & Co. to re-purchase their securities from clients when requested, for a small handling charge. Write to Straus & Co. for their "Circular No. 2469" and a free copy of their "Investors' Magazine."

(Continued on page 593.)



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For example, the securities of a jewelry company would not be a highly desirable investment, as jewelry has no market during periods of financial stringency. The earnings of a staple grocery company would be very little affected, as food is a daily necessity in bad times as well as in good.

The best investments, therefore, are those which are founded on absolute necessities. Naturally, then, investments which are founded on the source of all wealth and the first necessities of existence—land and a roof over one's head, for home or business—are the safest and best of all.

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Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

(Continued from page 592.)

J., Waldron, N. Y.: The collateral certificates appear to be well secured. Ask any of your local bankers.

Anxious, Carthage, N. Y.: Atchison and Steel Pfd. ought to be able to pay dividends during any period of depression, especially the former.

M., San Bernardino, Cal.: Propositions promising unusually generous returns must always be looked upon as highly speculative even though they have merit.

L., Orange, N. J.: The charter of the American Burner Co. was declared void in 1909 for non-payment of taxes. I can get no trace of the other two companies. Probably they have gone out of existence.

S., Jacksonville, Fla.: The Brant Independent Mining Co., of Colorado, is pretty highly capitalized at \$5,000,000. All such propositions require a great deal of money for their development and a small percentage realize the expectations of promoters.

Small Investor, Hartford, Conn.: You can buy small or large 6 per cent. mortgages from Perkins & Co., of Lawrence, Kans. Write to them for their "Loan List No. 716" which gives you a list of mortgages from which you can make a selection.

Patient Waiter, Cincinnati: The South Utah Mines & Smelters Co. was exploited in a way that was criticized. It is too heavily capitalized and the Cactus, its principal mine, has ore of very low grade. With the rise in copper, it ought to do better, but the proposition is highly speculative.

E., Sheldon, Mich., and H., Chicago: I have repeatedly advised against the purchase of shares of new insurance companies, especially where statements of the extraordinary earnings of the business are given, for these are not justified. Better buy something that successful investors prefer.

C., Urbana, Ill.: The literature of the candy company promises altogether too much. The incorporation of a company in any State does not safeguard the stock as an investment. Whenever you are offered extraordinary profits on a small investment be wary of the proposition.

N. Y. Map, New Orleans: 1. The free copy of the map of New York and Book of Views to which you refer will be sent you on application to the American Real Estate Co., Room 587, No. 527 Fifth Ave., New York City. 2. The bonds of this company pay 6 per cent. and are issued in denominations of \$100 and upward.

J., Massillon, O.: The bonds of the Western Pacific are guaranteed as to interest and sinking fund by the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad. The Western Pacific is a new road in a country rapidly developing and should eventually prove more than self-supporting. It would, at this time, but for the hardships imposed on railroads generally by the drastic action of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

M., Yonkers, N. Y.: 1. The fact that Straus & Co. make it a rule to buy back the bonds from their customers at a slight commission, would seem to insure their safety. 2. The business appears to be in the nature of a legitimate banking proposition. 3. All the reports I have been able to secure are favorable. Of course I have no means of inquiring into the financial standing of concerns such as the mercantile agencies enjoy.

Cash, Boston: The 5 per cent. Collateral Trust certificates of the Manufacturers Commercial Co., 299½ Broadway, New York City, are convertible into cash on any date you specify and small amounts on demand. These features have made them particularly attractive to those who fear that in an emergency they might require the use of their funds. The plan is explained in a booklet issued by the company which you can have on application.

R., Jersey City: 1. The Butterick Company's stock is speculative. I have no doubt a report would be sent you by the company if you would write them for it. 2. N. Y. O. & W. is showing increasing earnings sufficient for the restoration of the annual dividend of 2 per cent. It is controlled by the New Haven. There has been talk of an exchange of the stock with that of the New Haven on an equitable basis. O. & W. around the present price looks like a fair speculation.

Margin, Milwaukee: 1. Established brokerage houses do not like to buy highly speculative stocks on a slender margin. They ought to be commended for their conservatism. 2. You can buy bonds and listed stocks, with an investment quality, by paying for them in part, or, as the term is, "on margin." Walston H. Brown & Bros., members N. Y. Stock Exchange, 45 Wall Street, New York, will carry securities on a margin and solicit correspondence from my readers.

Absolutely Sure, Atlanta, Ga.: Bonds of the first class, of undoubted safety, yield from 4 to 5 per cent. with interest payable semi-annually. These are accepted by the United States government as security for Postal Savings Bank fund, so there can be no question as to their quality. They are in denominations of \$100 and upwards. You can get a list by writing to the New First National Bank, Columbus, O. which makes a specialty of bonds of this character. Ask for the booklet on "Bonds of Our Country." This bank will send bonds to any bank or express company subject to examination.

L., Toledo, O.: 1. The rise in American Cotton Oil Com. is due to expectation of dividends. 2. I would not sacrifice Bethlehem Steel even

though Mr. Schwab is pessimistic about the outlook, following the tariff reduction. If the tariff is substantially reduced, wages must follow.

3. A number of 5 per cent. securities and some paying as high as 7 per cent. are offered especially in the Southern States. Some of these are on the partial payment plan with monthly payments as small as \$10. The best way is to write to all of those who make these offers and get their booklets of information which always contain references and usually the names of prominent banks.

Saver, San Francisco: The stocks of industrial corporations yield from 5 to 7%, and if selected with care, can be bought with safety. It is well to diversify your investments and put some of your money in the best of the pfd. industrials. Many have been doing this of late to increase their incomes. The November Circular issued by Turner, Tucker & Co., 111 Broadway, N. Y., is full of information on this subject. Any of my readers can have a copy by writing to them for it.

Z., Jersey City: 1. The industrial outlook is favorable and unless given a setback by the new administration, it should continue to improve. The American Writing Company's business is satisfactory and the common sells at a reasonable figure. I notice the disposition of traders, however, to keep aloof from industrial securities until tariff changes are foreshadowed more clearly. 2. U. S. Rubber Com. has had a decided advance since I referred to its possibilities. It is now showing unexpected strength, some of which has been charged to manipulation, in view of the general weakness of the market. 3. Fear of competition from the Panama Canal is impelling holders of some transcontinental railway securities to sell, but reports of the Southern Pacific indicate that its dividends can be maintained against any competition. On re-actions investors are buying.

Teacher, Buffalo, N. Y.: 1. The Continental Wireless Co. has been haled into court as a scheme to defraud, and it is said that \$1,000,000 worth of stock was sold by its promoters. 2. After a stock has had such a sharp decline as Beet Sugar Com. has, of nearly 20 points, it begins to look attractive as a speculation, but everything depends on the continuance of the dividends. 3. If you buy stocks of the better class, you run little risk of being wiped out as you were in the mining stock transaction. Before stocks are listed on the New York Exchange, companies must submit a statement. This the mining, magazine and oil companies, promoted by agents, never have to do and it is in these that the heaviest losses occur.

4. It might be well to start in with a few shares each of several low-priced dividend payers, either buying them outright or on the partial payment plan. 5. John Muir & Co., members New York Stock Exchange, 71 Broadway, New York City, deal in small lots. Write to them for their "Circular 4" on the "Partial Payment Plan."

NEW YORK, November 28, 1912.

JASPER.

Garden Towns and Health.

THE VALUE of suburban garden towns for the housing of workmen of large cities has been demonstrated in the British Isles since the passage of the housing and town planning act three years ago. Henry Vivian, chairman of the Co-partnership Tenants' Movement in England, has gathered interesting statistics as to the effect of country life upon the height and weight of children. He finds that the average child of seven years brought up in a garden town is three inches taller than the average child of the same age living in a densely populated city. At the age of fourteen the difference is still more marked, the garden-town child having the advantage of the city child to the extent of five inches in height and thirty pounds in weight.

In some of the crowded manufacturing towns in England the death rate is forty for every thousand inhabitants, but in garden towns this has been forced down to between eight and nine a thousand. The slum conditions in many of our American cities are so bad that a few generations in such an environment mean permanent loss of physical and mental fiber. In a country where there is so much unoccupied and waste land, it is doubly disgraceful that human beings should be permitted to live in the over-crowded and unsanitary surroundings of city slums.

Cheap and frequent steam and trolley service in the environs of every city makes it a comparatively easy matter for a city workingman to live outside the city and bring up his children in the healthful environment of the country or the small town. However, there needs to be some stimulus to bring this about, such as was produced by the parliamentary act in the British Isles. Not only do children grow taller in suburban towns but also do older persons live to a greater age than in the crowded city.

In answering advertisements please mention "Leslie's Weekly."

**The GIFT for
You and Yours**

**Waterman's
Ideal
Fountain Pen**

**The Quality Pen
Does not Blot, Skip,
or Scratch, and is
Always Ready.
Lasts a Lifetime.**



Clip-on-Cap

adds to cost:
German Silver 25¢
Sterling Silver 50¢
Roled Gold \$1.00
14 kt. Gold \$2.00



Plain or Chased	Self Filling Gold Banded	Safety Style	Sterling Silver
No. 12 \$2.50	12S-F.G. M. M.	To carry in purse.	No. 412 \$5.00
Larger Sizes	\$3.50	Plain or Chased	Larger Size No. 414 \$7.00
No. 14 \$4.00	Silver B. G. M. M.	No. 12V-S. \$3.00	Also Gold Filled
" 5.00	14S-F.G. M. M.	" 4.00	\$10.00, \$12.50
" 6.00	"	"	
" 7.00	Without Gold Band	\$4.00 and \$5.00	
	\$2.50 and \$4.00		

In handsome Christmas boxes



No matter for whom you are thinking of purchasing a gift, Waterman's Ideal is appropriate. It is a sensible present that can and will be used by whatever hands receive it. Dealers everywhere are particular to help you select the right style for the occasion and the right pen point for the person to use it, or will exchange the pen, after Christmas, until suited. There is a large assortment of handsome gold and silver mounted styles from which to select gift pens. Christmas folder mailed upon request. Buy

**Sold
Everywhere**

**L. E. Waterman Co.
175 Broadway, N. Y.**
24 School St., Boston; 115 S. Clark St., Chicago
17 Steckton St., San Francisco
107 Notre Dame St., W., Montreal
Kingsway, London 6 Rue de Hanovre, Paris

PHILIP MORRIS & CO., Ltd.

NEW YORK

MONTREAL

487 St. Catharine St. East

LONDON

22 New Bond Street

CAIRO

402D West Broadway
NEW YORK

December 1st, 1912.

Dear Sir:

We beg to remind you that, for the last 60 years, one of the most appropriate and refined CHRISTMAS gifts, both here and abroad, has been a present of PHILIP MORRIS cigarettes—the oldest high-grade cigarettes in the world—which are made of the purest TURKISH tobaccos ONLY, in the following sizes:

Plain or Cork Tipped	Price per 100	Boxes of
Cambridge (reg. size)	\$2.50	10-20-50-100
Morissette (gold tip)	2.50	10 and 100
Blues, 2 7/8 in.	3.00	10-50-100
Ambassador, 3 1/2 in.	3.50	10 and 100
Banquet, 5 1/2 in.	10.00	10 (\$1.00 for 10)

If your dealer does not stock your particular size, we will gladly forward your requirements, carriage paid, direct from our factory, to any address you may desire, on receipt of your remittance.

Thanking you for your patronage and wishing you the Compliments of the Season, we are,

Yours very truly,

PHILIP MORRIS & CO., LTD.

I've a Big New Proposition To Make You, Man to Man

I Want to Start You in The Same Business That Made Me Wealthy—W.Z. Long



I want you to come to see me at my expense. I want to meet you face to face and show you the wonderful possibilities in the business. Once I was a struggling candy maker. Profits from Crispette, the wonderful, new, delicious popcorn confection, made with my Crispette Machine built a big business for me. I want to start you the same way I started. Long winter months are ahead. Don't slave them away for someone else. Start a business of your own—be independent. I'll teach you how to start—show you how to make Crispette by my special secret formula—personally or by mail. But I repeat—I want you to

Come To See Me At My Expense.

Learn all about the proposition. I'll show you records that will thrill and inspire you. I'll read you letters from users of my machine that will take your breath away. You'll see that what I say is true. Don't say you're coming. Drop in quietly. Call on any banker or merchant. Ask them about Long—about my store—my Crispette business. Ask them if what I say isn't the truth—right from the shoulder. Look into my reputation. See if folks think I'll give you a square deal. Then come and see my store—see that it's just like the picture in this advertisement. See the machine. See Crispette made—make a batch yourself. Learn the business. Get my pointers on how to succeed. Up to a distance of 300 miles I'll pay all your traveling expenses, if you buy a machine. You'll see know—learn everything. It's simple—easy. Won't take you a day. I'll be glad to see you—glad to show you the store and have a good talk with you. You'll go home ready to make more money than you ever made in your life.

Every Nickel You Take in Nets You Almost Four Cents Profit

Think of it! Think of the fortunes made in 5 cent pieces. It's one business in a hundred. Everybody likes Crispette. One sale always means two—two means four. So it goes. It's a great business. I found it so—so should you.

FREE My book "How to make Money in the Crispette Business"—48 pages illustrated—complete information and story of how I built my business. Write for it today. Read it and then come to Springfield.

W. Z. LONG, 692 High St., Springfield, O.

A Picture of My Big Store in Springfield.

\$1

for FOREST AND STREAM for 6 mos. on trial with our book: "Game Laws in Brief," giving Fish and Game Laws of every State in the Union and Canada. FOREST AND STREAM is the oldest and best outdoor publication. Weekly: \$3 a year.

Fill in your name and address here.

Enclose One Dollar and mail to FOREST & STREAM, 127 Franklin St., New York, and get twenty-six deep exhilarating breaths of the open and a useful handbook FREE.

In answering advertisements

The Parcels Post and Business

(Continued from page 587.)

they have equipped themselves with light wagons, box-like affairs some of them, barely large enough to hold the carrier and his little stock of letters and papers, with a few packages. At holiday time his wagon's capacity is well tested. Many carriers are making their trips on motor cycles and in small automobiles.

If parcels post is accepted as a means of transporting merchandise to the extent anticipated, it will mean an increase in the burden of every city and rural carrier. In the cities plans are already perfected for a special service that will enable the offices to care for the new flood of business. Some will install automobile delivery for all the larger packages covering all or parts of the territory. The big merchants declare that they will utilize the post for the delivery of small articles.

The smaller towns will have a more serious problem to solve than the city office. It will necessitate the increase of every rural carrier's vehicle space, and it may be that when the service is once fully established we shall see rural wagons like those of Germany, as large as express wagons, carrying great loads of goods of every description. That will, however, not come at present, for the beginning of the parcels post is based on the zone system. This means that, for the first time since the early establishment of the postal service, the rate of postage will be gauged both by weight and distance.

The object of the zone is to protect the country merchant. Already the great mail-order houses do a mammoth business in the country districts. Farmers living miles from town write to the city for merchandise. They buy a money order from the rural carrier and have the goods sent by express. If they could have the delivery by parcels post at the same expense as from their home town, it would mean a yet larger volume of this away-from-home trading and we should see many a country town transformed into a whistling station. The country merchant resents this mail-order business bitterly, and has reason to do so. It is all a cash business, while his own customers are frequently asking for credit, and he loses the interest on the money needed to carry the accounts. Then once in a while is an incident like this to annoy him:

A woman visited a country shoe store a few days ago and asked the clerk to measure her two children's feet.

"What kind of shoes do you want?" was asked, when the service was performed.

"Oh, I don't want to buy any shoes here!" was the ingenuous reply. "I am going to send to Chicago for them and did not know what sizes to order."

Then there is the hardware man who is called on for repairs to fit up the windmill bought from the mail-order concern. He also grows wrathful at the experience.

With the zone system, the country store will have an advantage over the city mail-order house. The rural patron can send to town for anything that comes under the schedule of merchandise up to eleven pounds and have it sent out to him for not more than fifteen cents. Heretofore he has sometimes induced the carrier to bring out a package in his wagon, but it was outside the postal business and not often done. The city mail-order house will benefit to some extent, because it can send eleven pounds where heretofore it has been able to send only four pounds of goods by mail.

The city post-offices are not alone in planning for the influx of packages. The country offices have the same problem. How shall the packages be handled? What equipment of bins, shelves or other receptacles will be needed? The arrangements contemplate that packages shall be mailed only at offices or sub-stations, not handed to carriers, and each must have a special parcels-post stamp to be entitled to the privilege of the service.

Then there is the railway service to be considered. If the country takes to parcels post, the mail cars now in use will be inadequate for handling the increased business. To be sure, it may

lessen the express equipment and so offset the increase in mail cars. The superintendent of one express company says, "The government is likely to find need of a great increase in mail cars. I estimate that seventy per cent. more space will be needed than now, if parcels post does what it seems likely to do."

The widespread approval with which the parcels post has been received by the people of the nation indicates that it was desired. It seemed unfair that a package could be sent to a foreign country at a lower rate than it could be transported a few miles or a few blocks at home. The uses to which the parcels post will be put may surprise the post-office authorities, and this may prove one of the most popular features ever added to the service. Postmaster-General Hitchcock has given much time to making preparation that will allow the department to care for the new business promptly, and if there is congestion of mail it will be because the business exceeds all anticipations. Those familiar with the situation do not believe it will be attended by a flood of shipments at the beginning, but as the public grows accustomed to the sending of merchandise by mail there will be a rapid growth and new uses will be found.

The Secret of Editorial Writing.

NO FORM of writing demands wider and more accurate knowledge than effective editorial writing. Everything under the sun is liable to come under review, and this calls for an unusually wide field of observation and information. Charles R. Miller, the accomplished and experienced editor of the *New York Times*, lecturing to the students of the Columbia University School of Journalism on the purposes of the Pulitzer bequest, advised them, in order to become successful editorial writers, "to read much, talk much, think much and travel when they could." The reading of the newspapers is essential, but the preparation which begins and ends with this has little background or depth.

The purpose of the late Joseph Pulitzer, of the *New York World*, in making his bequest for the founding of a school of journalism, was to give newspapermen something more fundamental than this superficial preparation. A knowledge of history and politics, with a critical understanding of the social and economic movements of our own day, is absolutely essential to an editorial writer who hopes to instruct or convince his readers and successfully to guide public opinion.

Mr. Miller makes a telling point, too, when he speaks of the principles or philosophy that should underlie all his work. "He should equip himself," said he, "with a body of principles, convictions reached by candid study and thought. He will find them applicable to practically all his daily tasks, and if they are well reasoned, sound and enduring, they will invest him with the power to convince others, and that is one great aim of editorial writing." To be a clever writer without a body of principles or clearly defined convictions means the dangerous exercise of a tremendous power.

Driving Off Customers.

COMMENTING on a paragraph in LESLIE's which brought out the repudiation of billboards by circus men in favor of straight newspaper advertising, the *Buffalo Enquirer* points out that the offensive billboard may even drive off customers. It quotes a twice-a-day passenger on one of the Buffalo car lines as having noted recent additions to the billboard area on a certain street and saying, "I have resolved never to buy anything I see advertised on one of these blights on the landscape." The sentiment is growing that billboards are "blights on the landscape," and, however much publicity there may be in such advertising, it is poor advertising which arouses hostility in the public mind as to the method. Billboards have been on the defensive for some time, and the opinion is becoming daily more prevalent that they are a nuisance.

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Christmas Eve in Naughty Paris

(Continued from page 583.)

Here is, at all events, an older Paris than you had thought existed; running up from the river such quaint thoroughfares as the Rue des Saints Peres, the Rue Mazarine, the Rue du Bac, and higher up, away from the Seine, the Rue des Quatre Vents, the Rue du Vieux Colombier. Here and there is a gaunt and Gothic house with narrow windows, an old archway with a dim lamp giving a glimpse of a sixteenth-century court, or an ancient church hardly altered in five hundred years.

Walking on at random, in a reverie, you suddenly realize that you are lost among the deserted streets of the Left Bank. You look at your watch—seven o'clock! You must get your bearings and find a meal somewhere or other.

You walk rather faster, and before long see in the distance the lights of a wide, steep thoroughfare, brilliantly illuminated, with great cafes flaring at the corners of the blocks. In a moment you have reached it—the Boulevard Saint-Michel, the "Boul' Mich," the center of the Latin Quarter! The infectious gayety of the crowd lightens your spirits somewhat, and you find yourself looking with pleasure at the novel scene.

Bands of students in the velvet caps, huge neckties and wide trousers which you thought had vanished before Du Maurier's time, swing along the sidewalks, arm in arm, sweeping the other pedestrians aside and mocking old men and young women with gibes that have no sting in them and are received as good-naturedly as they are given. Suddenly your attention, with that of every one else, is attracted by a hubbub of shouts and cheers two or three hundred yards away. It is a procession, some one hundred strong, of students, picturesquely attired, marching along, with a girl perched aloft on the shoulders of each. Hundreds of onlookers follow, cheering them. These are the students of one of the principal ateliers of the "Quarter," bent on giving a good time to their models and girl fellow-students. Up the hill they come, roaring in unison a traditional Christmas song which has echoed in the "Quarter" on the night of the Reveillon from time immemorial, and all together, procession and followers, swing into the doors of the Taverne du Pantheon.

You can't help it—your mood begins to change for the better. Something in the atmosphere takes hold of you; here at last is something like the Paris you have been looking for! And before you know it, you are inside the celebrated cafe with the rest of them. There is hardly room to stand, but the Taverne keeps filling all the same, and no one seems to mind whether he has a seat or not. Neither do you, for that matter. The picture fits in so well with what you have imagined for so long and have never been able to find, the gayety is so spontaneous, so infectious, that it fairly carries you away. Everybody seems to know everybody else; figures that before would have struck you as absurdly grotesque now seem quite normal. You haven't the slightest idea of what all the others are singing, but still you join in as well as you can.

No Father Christmas is here, with ancient, frost-bitten face and patriarchal white beard; youth reigns supreme. Lonely? Not a bit of it! Besides, you are now no longer alone. Were you asked to tell how it happened, you couldn't for the life of you say; but there you are, sitting on the corner of a marble-topped table, with a dainty little Musette laughing up in your face, and the fact that all you know of her is that her name is Loulou does not prevent you from confessing to yourself that you are desperately in love with her, just as you are in love with life at that moment. You are a respected and highly respectable citizen in your native State, possibly a pillar of the law or even a railroad president; but that doesn't matter one bit. Here, in these surroundings, for this one Christmas Eve, amid the joyous refrain of "Viens Poupoule," the last popular catch tune, you are just Loulou's "Petit Chou"; and far from being shocked, you feel that to be her "little cabbage" is not only natural, but flattering.

Anyway, you are in for it now, and you feel that while you are about it you may as well make the most of it. In a little while you find yourself seated at a table with your new flame, in a restaur-

rant ablaze with light. Other tables adjoin yours on either side; another row of tables is also in front of you. There is no question of distinguishing one party from another; it's just one great party. You have no idea of the name of the restaurant, and only the vaguest of how you got there. Was it the crowd that carried you along in its current, or were you led by the fascinating eyes and charming face of your Musette? No matter! Heavens, how good this *poulet cocotte* is! So what need to bother about the why and the how? Time goes on, and you feel you would like this dinner, with its gayety and light-heartedness and good company, to continue forever.

But Loulou, with whom you are falling more and more in love every minute, very seriously informs you that she must go to midnight mass. So off you go together, threading the narrow streets that lead to the Central Markets, opposite which looms the huge, strangely featured pile of Saint-Eustache. The merriment and noise of the crowd bound for the same goal stop short at the portals of the old church. As you enter, making your way with difficulty, the strains of the grandest sacred music that Paris has to offer are echoed among the Gothic vaults; a pure and clear soprano voice dominates the hushed congregation, and the resonant notes of the best tenor from the Opera join in a duet. The sweet voices of a choir of young boys sing a glorious canticle of the Nativity, and the great organ, played by a master hand, makes the whole building throb with notes now sweetly melodious, now as of deep-toned thunder.

The great church is crammed. Myriads of candles burning on the high altar lend a mystical dimness to the far-reaching nave. Coils of incense rise now, for midnight is about to strike, and in a deep hush the mass itself is being celebrated. To whatever creed you may belong, or if you have no creed at all, the scene cannot fail to impress you with its grandeur. It plunges you in a reverie of things unreal and of the past, and your hilarious mood of ten minutes ago has given place to an emotional, sentimental frame of mind, in which you think rather wistfully of the dear ones on the other side of the water. As to Loulou, the little Bohemian for whom life seems only beginning and who takes everything with careless *insouciance*, she is affected to tears by it all.

Now, however, a final crashing chord on the organ ends the service. In making your way out, you are almost swept off your feet by the surging crowd struggling through the doors. On the steps a great porter from the Halles opposite says something funny, which makes everybody round laugh with him. The spell is broken, and you laugh, too. Once more the crowd, swelled now by those who have been hearing mass at Notre Dame, over the water, carries you along in its current like a leaf on the stream toward the Grands Boulevards, where the throngs from the Madeleine and the theaters meet them at the Place de l'Opera, all animated by the same idea—to spend the Reveillon at Montmartre! Of Loulou there is no sign; you lost sight of her in the congregation at Saint-Eustache. You find that your heart is not broken, however; the happy-go-lucky Reveillon mood has caught you—you want your share of the fun. Here and there you recognize types you have seen earlier in the evening in the "Quarter." Here and there, also, you see some of your countrymen, and without hesitating a moment you turn hurriedly from the latter to the former.

It's impossible to find a carriage; besides, why a carriage? Everybody walks in the middle of the road on Christmas Eve! The lights of the usually well-lighted thoroughfares are tonight supplemented by the acetylene and naphtha flares of innumerable booths, which line the sidewalks as far as the eye can see, and many of which display "tombolas," where the most absurdly fascinating toys, brought into existence by Prefect Lepine's annual concours, and perhaps containing the germ of some epoch-making mechanical invention, are being gambled for by the crowd at one-sous stakes.

For a few cents you may buy quaintly shaped candies, gayly decorated gingerbreads and sticks of nougat as long as a

Finding Financial Freedom

By FRANKLIN O. KING

Did You ever stay Awake all Night trying to Figure out a Plan which would Free you from the Financial Fetters that seem to have You Tied—Hand and Foot? Half the World doesn't Worry so much How the Other Half Lives, but Every Man should Try to Find How He and His Family can Live Half-way Like Human Beings.

Thirteen Per Cent. of the People of the United States own Eighty-seven Per Cent. of the Wealth, while the Remaining Thirteen Per Cent. of Wealth is Doled out between the Eighty-seven Per Cent. of the People that are Left. Most of Us are nearly always "Left."

Now I haven't any Grouch against Society, but I should like to Mix Few Loaves and Fishes with the Crumbs and Husks that fall from Dives' Table. The Fault, however, is Not Entirely with the Rich Man—it is largely Yours and Mine. The Unequal Distribution of Wealth is Due almost entirely to the Unequal Distribution of Population. These are Fundamental Facts minus Frailties and Fallacies.

There are too many Good People Trying to Live in the Cities on a slender margin of Resources who Ought to Be Elsewhere in this Broad Land where Fertile Acres stretch Unoccupied under Gentle Breezes, and where All of the Best of Earth's Products are to Be Found in Overflowing Abundance. A Pied Piper is Perpetually Pulling them from the Country to some Magical Metropolis, and There They Live and Swelter in City Tenements and Flats—Dreaming of the Days when "Three Square Meals" was a Habit and not a Hallucination. The City's Lure has Led Them from the Country Fields that Fed Them. I didn't Intend to Break into Poetry, but I Do Want You to Break Away from Poverty.

My Advice to You, therefore, is—Get a Home in Gulf Coast Texas. I would further say—Get a Home in Our Danbury Colony—in the Rain Belt, where you can Grow Three Big Money-making Crops a Year, and Where Irrigation and Fertilization do not eat up the Profits Your Hands Create.

We are Extending to our Colonists the kind of Co-operation that Co-operates—building

Bridges, making Roads, and Ditches, etc., and have Expended nearly Fifty Thousand Dollars the past Summer in such Improvements. More than Ten Thousand Acres have been Sold during the past ten Months to Satisfied Purchasers, because we have a proposition that can Stand Unashamed beneath the Spot Light of Publicity, and Where Your Days of Prosperity Shall Be Long Upon the Land. We are selling Real Land and not Sand—Get That—a Rich, Loamy, Black Soil, that You Couldn't Wear Out in a Hundred Years.

I believe you could save Twenty-five Cents a Day if You tried. I know you would Try if you Realized that our Growers of Figs, Strawberries and Early Vegetables clear a net profit of \$300 to \$500 an Acre. Men have Realized more than \$1,000 an Acre growing Oranges in our Country. Remember that our Early Vegetables get to Northern Markets in Mid-Winter and Early Spring, when they command Top Prices.

One German Truck Grower on adjoining lands this Spring realized nearly \$500 from three-fourths of an acre of Strawberries. You could do as well if you only Tried, and on a Ten-Acre Tract Find Financial Freedom.

The Biggest Price paid for a car of watermelons on the Houston Market this year was \$140. The car was shipped by the Danbury Fruit and Truck Growers' Association.

We are situated within convenient shipping distance of Three Good Railroads, and in addition to this have the inestimable Advantages of Water Transportation through the Splendid Harbors of Galveston and Velasco, so that our Freight Rates are Cut Practically in Half. The Climate is Extremely Healthful and Superior to that of California or Florida—Winter or Summer—owing to the Constant Gulf Breeze.

Our Contract Embodies Life and Accident Insurance, and should You Die, or become totally disabled, Your Family, or anyone else You name, will get the Farm without the payment of Another Penny. If You should be Dissatisfied, we will Absolutely Refund your Money, as per the Terms of our Guarantee.

Write for our Free Book, which contains nearly 100 Photographs of Growing Crops, etc. Fill out the Blank Space below with your Name and Address, plainly written and mail it to the Texas-Gulf Realty Company, 1817 Peoples Gas Building, Chicago, Illinois. Read it Carefully, then use your own Good Judgment.

Please send me your book, "Independence With Ten Acres."



Two Texas Gulf Coast Products

Deaf People Now

HEAR

Distinctly!
Clearly!
Perfectly!

with the

NEW 4-TONE Mears Ear Phone



Special Limited Offer!

Write at once for our Sensational Introductory Offer on this new wonder. To advertise and quickly introduce this greatest of all inventions for the deaf, we are going to sell the first lot of these new four-tone phones DIRECT from our laboratory to users at the confidential jobber's price. This offer applies only to the first lot finished—a limited

Try This Wonderful New Invention for Ten Days

Ask about our great free trial offer. Test this amazing instrument on your own ears, under any conditions of service for ten days. Nothing to pay for the trial. The Mears Ear Phone is the only scientific and perfect hearing device for the deaf. Already 14,000 Single Tone Mears Ear Phones have been sold.

Send Coupon for FREE Book

The Mears Ear Phone book explains all the causes of deafness: tells how to stop the progress of the malady and how to treat it. Send the coupon at once for Free Book and our great Confidential Introductory Offer. Send coupon NOW.

Mears Ear Phone Co.

Suite 814, 45 W. 34th St., New York, N.Y.

FREE

COUPON

Mears Ear Phone Co.

Suite 814

45 W. 35th Street, New York, N.Y.

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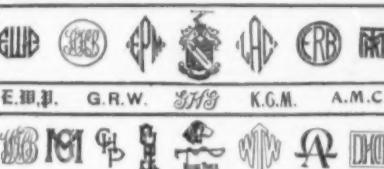
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Christmas Eve in Naughty Paris.

(Continued from page 506.)

then the number of foreigners and the formal evening dress both of men and women made this same restaurant, which now appears to you to be the very realization of the vision you have had, the "Real Thing," nowise different from any usual after-theater supper in New York. To-night, instead, the soul of a Paris nearly swamped by modern banality is awakened to celebrate Christmas; and you congratulate yourself on not having let yourself be allured by the prospect of the "Real Old-fashioned American Dinner" which the zealous hotel management offered you the day before.

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Life-insurance Suggestions.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable. Address Insurance Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth Avenue, Madison Square, New York.]

A NY MAN who is deterred from taking out a life-insurance policy by the thought that he may have to do the irksome thing of paying premiums for many years will find in recent statistics regarding insurance companies death losses in the first policy year matter for earnest consideration. Under policies issued in the year 1911, sixty life-insurance companies in good standing are reported to have already paid in settlement of death claims an aggregate of nearly \$3,000,000. Herein is found striking proof of the fact that many insured persons die during their first year as policy-holders; that is, after the payment of a single premium. As every person prior to being insured must undergo a careful medical examination, and therefore, if accepted as a risk, is supposedly in good health, the deaths occurring during the first year are unexpected and often, otherwise than by insurance policy, unprepared for. Accidents or disease may at any time carry off the strongest and healthiest without warning. Not even the most robust individual can bank on a continuance of life for a day, much less for a term of years. It is far better to deny one's self in order to pay premiums for twenty, thirty or forty years, and to have the feeling that one's family is to some extent provided for, than to pass away and leave them without having made any suitable provision for them.

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P., Laporte, Ind.: The Illinois Bankers' Life Association is in the fraternal class. I think you are wise to prefer an old line company in which there will be no danger of an increase in the cost of your premium, and in which every year your policy will have an added value.

P., Saginaw, Mich.: 1. My reasons for not commanding insurance in assessment associations have been frequently given. The risk is much greater than will be found in taking an old line company's policy; in fact under the rigid supervision these companies now have, by the State authorities, there is little risk in carrying their policies. 2. The Penn Mutual has a good record.

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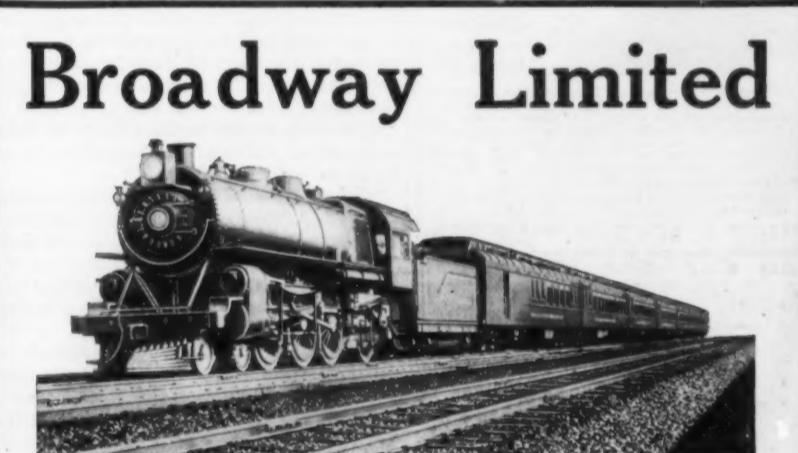
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The Meaning of Christmas

By SIGMUND SPAETH

THE FIRST man I addressed was of the brisk business type. He had the gruff air of complete absorption which most business men consider it necessary to assume.

"What does Christmas mean to you?" I asked.

He looked at me sharply and answered, "I have no time for either reporters or lunatics."

"But this is a serious question," I insisted. "I desire information. How can I discover the meaning of the whole thing if nobody will answer me?"

He relented a little and replied, in a more friendly tone, "To me Christmas means prosperity. It means the busiest time of the year. It means big sales and big profits. That's all I know about it." And he hurried off.

I next accosted a well-known lawyer. He was a big, kindly man, and he listened to my question with interest. But his face clouded as he answered, "Christmas is to me an annual reminder of all the crime and misery in the world. The peace and good-will of the rich only serve to accentuate the wretchedness of the poor. The criminal courts are filled each year with those who would be honorable men if they possessed only a very small share of the Christmas gifts which are a natural part of our own care-free lives. It is a sad thought."

I pondered over these words, but soon hastened on to find a new victim for my questioning. It happened to be a clerk, a small, nervous man, obviously over-worked.

"What does Christmas mean to me?" he asked. "Well, for one thing it means a holiday—and that is always a relief. I get a chance to see something of my family, to spend a day with the children. But it's embarrassing, too. It has its unpleasant side. I can't afford to do what I would like in the way of gifts, and I'm always afraid that the fact is noticeable. My wife and I decided several years ago to omit all presents to each other and concentrate on the children. But even at that our celebration is a very modest affair. I wish the cost of living were not so high." And he also hurried off, with a feeble imitation of the absorbed air of the business man.

My next question was addressed to a successful physician. He laughed as he answered, "It's pretty hard for me to get away from my profession. I suppose Christmas means no more to me than so many extra cases of indigestion to be cured and so many more colds to be attended to. It merely adds one more to the many occasions on which the power of medicine can be proved."

I turned to an actor of world-wide reputation. "Does Christmas mean anything to you?" I asked.

"It means my busy day," he answered gruffly. "We stage people have no real Christmas. There is always an evening performance and usually a matinee as well. We are worked harder on Christmas Day than at any other time in the year."

I was disappointed, but hastened to take up the subject with a singer, one who was chiefly noted for church work.

"Oh," he answered enthusiastically, "Christmas means much to me! There are so many services and the Christmas music is so wonderful. I always look forward to it. There is nothing that brings out the beauties of my voice so well as the Christmas carols, and the more elaborate things give me an opportunity for a really fine display of technique."

Again I was disappointed, but again I turned hopefully, this time to a teacher. Here at least, I thought, I shall find a deeply spiritual reply, full of a mystic meaning. So I asked my question confidently, and I listened with hopeful attention as I saw the gleam of pleasure in his eyes.

"The meaning of Christmas?" he fairly shouted. "It means joy! Joy! Joy! Two full weeks of vacation! No classes to teach! No papers to correct! No unruly boys to reprimand! Could anything be pleasanter? Sleigh rides, theaters, books, dinners! Oh, the joys of Christmas are countless!"

I left him to his ecstatic ravings and sought out a social worker of long experience. This man, at least, must have some truth to impart. "Christ-

mas," he said slowly, "to me means simply hard labor. It means days of unpleasant begging, sometimes on the street corners, sometimes at the homes of the rich. It means the stupendous task of feeding and clothing thousands of the poor. And it means that when our work is done we get very little gratitude, very little appreciation. It is expected of us. Some keep their cheerful faces year after year and imagine that they really enjoy their work. To me it has become mere drudgery."

Even after this rebuff I did not give up hope altogether. But I said to myself, "I must find a real interpreter of Christianity. I shall ask a minister of the Gospel." The reply which I received proved most disappointing of all.

"Yes, I like Christmas," said the clergyman pleasantly. "It is what I may call my easy day. The sermon requires almost no preparation. The congregation enters into the spirit of the day and helps me in every way possible. I receive many substantial evidences of the generosity of my parishioners, so that, on the whole, I am always happy, contented and possibly a little lazy on Christmas Day."

The unexpectedness of this answer so upset my calculations that I jumped at once to the opposite extreme. I picked out a miserable tramp, the very type of neglected humanity, arguing that all my attempts so far had been directed too much toward the higher and more prosperous classes. The tramp grinned cheerfully as he answered my question.

"Christmas? That's somethin' like Thanksgiving, ain't it? Them's my two big feed days for the year. You can work a graft so as to eat three full charity dinners in the same afternoon, if you can hold 'em. I generally fills up fer about a week, countin' what I stows in my clothes. But it makes the rest of the year all the worse. Rich people seem to think that us poor guys don't have to eat no more than once or twice in twelve months. If it wasn't for the cold weather, I'd want Christmas every day."

I might have foreseen this. My first track was the right one, after all; yet I seemed to have exhausted all the possible sources of information. No; there was one left. "Out of the mouth of babes," I said to myself, and hunted up a child.

"Christmas? Don't you know what Christmas means?" the child asked, in wide-eyed wonder. "I guess you haven't been educated very well. But I'll tell you all about it. Christmas is the day when Santa Claus was born and all the angels sang a song for the shepherds to listen to. And they told them to go around and give presents to each other forever after, world without end, amen. That's why I always go to two Sunday schools a whole month before Christmas. That's why I always go to two Sunday schools a whole month before Christmas. They have trees and lights and candy and oranges in pink tissue paper, and Santa Claus is there himself and gives the things out, and the superintendent tells us what good children we are, and everybody eats a lot, and we get presents at home and turkey and hang our stockings up and everything. Didn't you know that?"

"Well, not quite in that way," I answered, catching feebly at a straw. "Isn't there anything else?"

"Oh, parties and ice cream and candy canes and dolls and holly berries and mince pie and—"

"And the people are just the same as any other day?" I interrupted.

"Well, no," the child answered reflectively. "I think everybody tries to be a little extra nice. Papa doesn't say a cross word to mamma all day; and I let my little brother play with my toys if he wants to, and the cook doesn't chase us out of the kitchen when we come to smell the turkey roasting. She gives us little heart-shaped ginger cakes instead. I guess everybody loves everybody else on Christmas Day."

"At last!" I breathed, with a sigh of relief.

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CHAS. E. BROCK, 712 Eighth St., Wash., D. C.

A Christmas Dream: Was Christ Born?

(Continued from page 578.)

year a certain percentage of its earnings to the State. Why doesn't that constitute a fair return, even if we give them the franchise for nothing? We can easily get the bill passed on those terms, and it is no more than fair that the road should pay us, as they offer to do, \$100,000 apiece. We should only have to talk it up with our leading members—the influence is right here—and they would finish the business. Is there anything dishonest about that? Don't we earn the money by passing the bill? This committee does the hard work, and it is no affair of the others what we get for it."

Then one of his listeners rose up with a white face, and in a voice trembling with indignation said, "I decline to be a party to any 'grafting' scheme. If there is money to be made from this franchise, as there ought to be, let it go into the coffers of the State. This decision may mean the end of my political career, but what I have spoken I have spoken."

As he sat down, another and yet another, white-faced also, but firm, arose to announce his agreement with the speaker; and then, like a group of frightened hounds, their contemptible comrades slunk away.

"You may remember," said the angel, "that the governors of the Roman provinces were expected to wring all they could out of them, and they were simply honored for their great wealth. Don't you think that matters are improving somewhat? Do you think now that Christ's coming was really a myth?"

In another instant they were looking down into a gilded drinking saloon, where flushed men and women laughed loudly and bandied coarse words with each other. Glasses clinked, dice rattled, and wilder and wilder grew the revelry, when suddenly the door opened and two men and two women entered. On their faces was a brightness as it were of the sun at noonday, and currents of love and gentleness seemed to diverge in rays from them as they moved serenely back and forth among the noisy people.

The dreamer gazed in speechless astonishment as he saw the two women lead, one by one, their gaudily dressed sisters from the gaming tables out under the clear starlight; and, one by one, the two men led forth their brothers. And no one was angry.

"Let us take you to your homes," pleaded the rescue workers.

"Or, if you have none, come with us and we will give you homes—clean and sweet and full of cheer and comfort. We will talk with you every day and help you."

Then they went boldly up to the bewildered keeper of the place, and, after a few words with him, such was the magic of their presence, he called upon his helpers to destroy the bottles of wine and to overturn the "tables of the money-changers," until all of his vile machinery was a broken heap in the middle of the great room.

"We will teach you a better way than this," one of the two men promised him. "We will help you to build up manliness and true womanhood and not to tear them down."

"These things are an allegory," whispered the angel. "Do you not know that thousands are working among the weak and wicked, seeking in the name of Christ to redeem them and show them a more excellent way? How can you doubt that the Saviour was really born on that Christmas Day two thousand years ago?"

Then the angel seemed to become one of a great throng of cherubim, all of them singing, "His name is called Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins, and nothing is impossible with Him. He is born. Rejoice and be exceeding glad!"

As the light of Christmas morning dawned, the dreamer awoke, with a sense of having undergone a great experience; and as he marked the sunshine, he thought of the Sun of Righteousness which was to arise, with healing in its wings, for the healing of the nations. And he remembered that it had been foretold that every man should know Him, from the least even unto the greatest. And he remembered, too, that men should have patience, for a

thousand years were in the sight of the Lord but as a watch in the night in the sight of men.

"There is some goodness in the world, after all," he reflected. "I suppose that men are really considerably better than they were two thousand years ago. We surely have a better pattern than the people had then. I'm glad I had that dream. I wouldn't wonder if it was pretty true."

Then he heard the children chanting, "When Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the King"; and he said aloud, "It was no myth."

And let every discouraged soul on this Christmas Day look back over the ages, and then look around the world he lives in to-day, and balance the evil he finds there against the good; and he will see abundant evidence that we are living under a blessed dispensation, which is working surely, though (as small men count time) slowly.

And he will chant joyfully with the children, "Jesus Christ was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the King."

The Prosperous Ansonia.

THE EXTENT to which luxury in hotel construction is carried in all our great cities was again disclosed recently by Frank W. Harriman and Gustav Obendorfer, the lessees of the Hotel Ansonia, in New York, when they invited their friends to attend the formal opening of their new dining-room de luxe. The visitors found a superb, large dining-room, decorated in pure white. The Ansonia is one of the largest hotels in New York City. This latest addition to its facilities was made the occasion of a notable gathering of its friends. They filled the dinner tables with a happy, joyous crowd and showered congratulations upon the wide-awake proprietors.

The Newest in Aviation.

ACCORDING to experiments made at Paris, it is no longer necessary when scouting to carry a second man acting as observer. The pilot can make all the records of the flight by speaking into a specially arranged phonograph. This was tried with good success by M. Jules Richard, the inventor of the new "rhoneophone," as it is called. In ordinary cases the pilot, when alone, is not able to note down all that he sees, for, even should he be able to write, he must then cease to observe. With the new phonograph this drawback is overcome, and, without ceasing to steer, he dictates his observations into a speaking tube. This connects with the phonograph so as to make the record. The record is made on a disk, which when filled may be put into a box and dropped from the aeroplane at any point, while a fresh disk is used for another record. The noise of the motor does not prevent making a good record of the voice upon the disk. During the flight, M. Richard noted all the interesting points on the ground by speaking into the apparatus, and afterward, when alighting, the record could be very well heard.

Another invention almost as interesting is a headguard. One of the pupils of an aviation school in England has recently devised a headgear which is adapted to protect the wearer from shocks or blows. An English aviator said he belabored the inventor over the head with a piece of scantling, while he stood passively smiling, without feeling the blow in the least. Then, in order to test the device, it was suggested that the inventor take a running leap full tilt at one of the hangars. This he did, without injury to himself. The headgear is of leather, well padded with horsehair, and contains a system of flat steel springs, which have the effect of distributing the shock sustained by them over a large area.

All Look Alike.

Grumpy—"I look like a citizen of dignity and substance, do I not?"

Wiseman—"Certainly. You engage attention for your manner and aspect."

Grumpy—"Well, I just stood on the right corner, held up a hand, and the motorman went on without slackening."

Wiseman—"A street car, my dear sir, is no respecter of persons."—Judge.



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As stated above, the price of the globe is \$6.00, but in order to introduce generally the limited period during the reading of *Leslie's*, the remarkable instrument already mentioned, this is a saving of 40 per cent. from the regular price. We guarantee the safe arrival of the globe. It weighs but 11 pounds, hence may be shipped economically by freight or express. Is this not an offer worthy your intelligent consideration?

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Books Worth Reading



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NO LOVER of poetry who reads "The Fighting Race" and other poems and ballads, by Joseph L. C. Clarke, will fail to regret that the author, one of the ablest of journalists and active in other lines of effort, did not devote his main energies to the writing of verse. For there is so much merit in Mr. Clarke's work at the best that one feels that nothing should have been allowed to obtrude between him and the shrine of the Muses. As a writer, Mr. Clarke displays unusual versatility. His lines and pieces range from rollicking to profound. While the poem which gives title to the book, but generally known as "Kelly and Burke and Shea," has become a classic, and though this and other Irish-American ballads make a wider popular appeal, the depth and strength of "The Messenger from Marathon," "The Soul of Nippon," "Manhattan," and the like, charm the more thoughtful reader. Mr. Clarke's numbers are nearly always melodious, and the poems are marked by pleasing flights of fancy and felicities of diction. They contain passages which would do credit to poets of the front rank, and indicate capacity for extended creative work of a high order. New York: American News Company. Price, \$1, net.

"Champ Clark," by W. L. Webb, reveals the life of the speaker of the House of Representatives in varying lights, which range from his farmhouse ancestry to his present high place in national affairs. Lincoln-like, he comes to us a broad-gaged statesman, steady-handed, far-visioned, generous and just. His own revision of the English mispronounced Beauchamp, his full name, to the terse, rugged and characteristic "Champ" denotes the keynote of his simple taste. Selections from Mr. Clark's forceful writings are given in connection with the record of his years of slow-going but sure success. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. Price, \$1, net.

A copyrighted anniversary volume, "Factory Mutual Insurance," issued by the Arkwright Mutual Fire Insurance Company, Boston, Mass., compiled by Edward V. French, is a privately printed record of fifty years' work of one of the Associated Factory Mutual Fire Insurance Companies, often called "The New England Mutuals" or "The Factory Mu-

tuals." It is an association of manufacturers for the prevention of fire loss and one of the oldest organizations for the conservation of resources. The development of the prevention idea from its inception to the present time is fully covered, that its story and lessons may be more widely known. The book is not for sale. A limited number of copies will be furnished to magazines, architects and mill managers who can make real use of the work.

A revolution in cooking is fully described in "Paper Bag Cookery," by Nicolas Soger, chef of Brooks Club, London. The method of cooking almost everything but soups in paper bags is fully explained by this famous chef. The well-known cooking experts of this country have conceded that this method will be adopted by housewives all over the United States. The very simplicity of the process, together with the ensuing freedom from greasy pots and pans, commends it. Then, too, labor, coal and gas saving will induce housewives to make this their standard book of culinary reference. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. Price, 60 cents, net.

Books of travel are not always gripping in their interest. The guide-book quality of description grows wearisome to the stay-at-home, but when one travels afoot with the vagabond author, Harry A. Franck, in his latest, "Four Months Afoot in Spain," the anticipation of a good time, unique and out-of-the-ordinary happenings, is sure to be realized. The subtle sense of humor shown in "A Vagabond Journey around the World" is keenly apparent in this latest record of one thousand miles on foot in a country whose picturesque charm is grasped and conveyed to the reader in the most interesting fashion. New York: The Century Company. Price, \$2, net.

"Studies in the Psychology of Intemperance," by G. E. Partridge, Ph.D., appeals to neurologists, sociologists and all interested in the problem of intemperance and its solution. It goes to the root of this vital topic. Sound knowledge, common sense, psychologic insight and general culture combine to enhance the value of the work. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. Price, \$1, net.

"Practical Dry-fly Fishing," by Emlyn M. Gill (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, publishers), gives to American anglers a little treatise which might be termed a "handbook" on dry-fly fishing. This method of practicing a delicate and fascinating sport on the English chalk streams is fully described in sixteen chapters and an appendix. It should prove very interesting to all the devotees of the trout stream. Price, \$1.25, net.

The Public Forum

OYSTERS AS FOOD.

Professor Julius Nelson, of Rutgers College.

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a growing intelligence that teaches how to obtain the most from his land, with a financial position before unknown, with science taking the place of guesswork, with home consumption approaching the measure of production, with a steadily increasing price level for everything he raises, with new ideals, new processes, new opportunities, the next ten years promise a reward to the farmer greater than the world has ever seen. The coming decade will be the farmer's Golden Age.

IS WOMAN SUFFRAGE ONLY A FAD?

Cardinal Farley, of New York.

I DO NOT believe in woman suffrage. I think my mother and my sister have their true place in the home, and that it is best for them and all women to leave to man politics and, as far as possible, the affairs of government. St. Paul said woman should be subject to man, and that is pretty good authority. When differences of opinion arise between husband and wife, it is best for the wife to give way to the opinion of the man. It is my belief—but the wish may be father to the thought—that women will soon tire of the ballot in States in which they have secured it, as they tire of fashion, and it will fall into a state of innocuous desuetude. Equal suffrage is a fad. I do not believe it will last.

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